

78.
THE NEW
REHEARSAL,
OR,
BAYS the Younger.

BEING
REMARKS
Upon all Mr. ROWE's Plays.

VIZ.

*The Ambitious Step-Mother, Tamerlane,
The Biter, The Fair Penitent, The
Royal Convert, Ulysses, Jane Shore.*

With some Observations upon,

- I. Mr. SMITH's *Phædra* and *Hippolytus*.
- II. Mr. PHILIPS's *Distrest-Mother*.
- III. Mr. ADDISON's *Cato*.
- IV. Mr. POPE's *Rape of the Lock*, &c.

ALSO,

A Defense of *Criticism* in General, by the late
Earl of SHAFTESBURY.

THE SECOND EDITION.

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THE NEW
R. R. H. H. H. H. H.

Barthelme

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THE PREFACE.

I Know that it is the common Cry of the Poetasters of the Town and their Fautors, either through Ignorance, or in Complaisance to a present Vogue, That it is an envious, ill-natur'd thing to endeavour to expose the Pretenders to Wit and Poetry, who have, by Art, or better Luck than Men more meritorious, gain'd a transitory Applause with the Town. The Judges and Magistrates may, with full as strong Reason, be reproach'd with ill Nature in putting the Laws in Execution against a successful Thief, Cheat or Impostor; whereas there is nothing more just to Humane Society, nor more conducive to the fixing the Vigour and Health of the Public, than a rigorous Execution of the Laws; a Neglect of which is a certain Proof of a Luxurious Age, and of a People hastening to their utter Dissolution.

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The same will hold in the Republic of Letters, if the Critics or Judges let every ignorant Pretender to Scribbling pass on the World for a Man of Genius, and Art, there would be an end of all Excellence, and Art wou'd be no more heard of in the Kingdom of the Muses, whilst Ignorance and Impudence assume the Seats of Learning, and Modest Merit.

But to give the Reader a better Idea of Criticism, I shall transcribe some Part of what that great Genius, the late Earl of Shaftsbury, has said in Defence of it.

A Legitimate and Just Taste can neither be gotten, made, conceiv'd, or produc'd, without the Antecedent Labour and Pains of **CRITICISM**.

For this Reason we presume not only to Defend the Cause of Criticks; but to declare open War against those indolent supine Authors, Readers, Auditors, Actors or Spectators, who making their HUMOUR alone the Rule of what is Beautiful and Agreeable, and having no Account to give of such their HUMOUR or odd FANCY, reject the Criticising or examining Art, by which alone they are able to discover the true BEAUTY and WORTH of every Object.

In another Place this incomparable Author
as these Woods: The WRITERS or
AUTHORS in Possession, have an easier
Time

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Time than any *Ministry* or *Religious Party*, that is uppermost. They have found a Way by decrying all **CRITICISM** in general, to get rid of their *Dissenters*, and prevent all Pretences to farther *Reformation* in their State. The *Critic* is made appear distinct, and of another *Species*, wholly different from the *Writer*. None who have a **GENIUS** for *Writing*, and can perform with any Success, are presum'd so ill-natur'd and illiterate, as to endeavour to signalize themselves in **CRITICISM**.

'Tis not difficult however to imagine why this practical Difference between *Writer* and *Critic* has been so generally establish'd amongst us; as to make the *Provinces* seem wholly distinct and irreconcilable. The forward **WITS**, who, without waiting their due Time, or performing their requisite Studies, start up into the World as Authors, having with little Pains, or Judgment, and by the strength of Fancy merely, acquir'd a Name with Mankind, can, on no Account afterwards submit to a Decial, or Disparagement of those *raw Works*, to which they ow'd their early Character and Distinction. Ill wou'd it fare with them indeed, if on these precarious Terms, they shou'd venture upon Criticism, or offer to move that Spirit, which wou'd infallibly give such Disturbance to their establish'd Title.

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Now we may consider, that in our Nation, and especially in our present Age, while Wars, Debates, and publick Conversations turn our Minds so wholly upon Business, and Affairs; the better Genius's being in a Manner necessarily involv'd in the Active Sphere, on which the general Eye of Mankind is so strongly fixt, there must remain in the Theatre of Wit a sufficient Vacancy of Place; and the Quality of *Actor* upon that Stage must of Consequence be very easily attainable, at a low price of Ingenuity, or Understanding.

The Persons, therefore, who are in Possession of the *Prime* Parts in this deserted Theatre, being suffer'd to maintain their Ranks and Stations in full Ease, have naturally a good Agreement and Understanding with their Fellow-Wits: Being indebted to the *Times* for this Happiness, that with so little Industry, and Capacity, they have been able to serve the Nation with Wit, and supply the Places of real Dispensers and Ministers of the *MUSES Treasures*; they must necessarily, as they have any Love for themselves, or fatherly affection for their Works, conspire with one another to preserve their common Interest of Indolence, and justify their Remissness, Uncorrectness, Insipidness, and down-

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downright Ignorance of all literate Art,
or just Poetic Beauty.

Magna inter Molles Concordia.

For this Reason you see them mutually Courteous and Benevolent; Gracious and Obliging beyond Measure; Complementing one another interchangeably at the Head of their Works in *Recommendatory* Verses; or in separate Panegyricks, Essays, and Fragments of Poetry; such as in the *Miscellaneous Collections* (your yearly Retale of Wit) we see curiously compacted and accommodated to the Relish of the World. Here the *Tyrcecinium* of Genius's is annually display'd. Here if you think fit, you may make Acquaintance with the young offspring of WITS, as they come up gradually under the *Old*, with due Courtship and Homage paid to those high Predecessours of Fame, in hopes of being one day admitted, by Turn, into the noble Order, and made WITS by *Patent*, and *Authority*.

This is the young *Fry*, which you may see busily furrounding the grave Poet, or chief PLAYHOUSE AUTHOR, at a *Coffee-house*. They are his Guards, ready to take up Arms for him, if by some presumptuous Critic he is at any Time attack'd. They are indeed the very shadows

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of their immediate Predecessour, and represent the same Features, with some small Alteration, perhaps for the Worse. They are sure to aim at nothing above or beyond their Master; and wou'd on no Account, give him the least Jealousie of their aspiring to any Degree or Order of acting above him. From hence that *Harmony*, and *reciprocal Esteem*, which, on such a Bottom as this, cannot fail of being perfectly well establish'd among our Poets; The Age mean while, being after this Manner hopefully provided, and secure of a Constant and like Succession of meritorious Wits in every kind.

If by chance a Man of Sense, unappriz'd of the Authority of these high Powers, shou'd venture to accost the Gentlemen of this Fraternity, at some *Coffee-house Committee*, or while they were taken up in mutual Admiration and usual Praise of their National and Cotemporary Wits, 'Tis possible, he might be treated with some Civility, whilst he enquir'd, for satisfaction sake, into the Beauties of those particular Works so unanimously extoll'd. But shou'd he presume to speak in general —

“ *Why is our EPIC, or DRAMATIC,*
“ *our ESSAYS, or COMMON PROSE,*
“ *no better executed? Or why, in particular,*
“ *does such or such a reputed Wit Write so in-*
“ *correctly,*

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“ correctly, and with so little Regard to Just-
“ ness of Thought or Language? The Answer
“ wou’d presently be given, that we English-
“ men are not tied up to such rigid Rules, as
“ those of the Ancient Grecian, or Modern
“ French Criticks.

“ Be it so (Gentlemen) ’tis your good Plea-
“ sure, nor ought any one to dispute it with you.
“ You are Masters no doubt, in your own Coun-
“ try. But (Gentlemen) the Question here
“ is not what your Authority may be over your
“ own Writers. You may have them of what
“ Fashion or Size of Wit you please; and allow
“ them to entertain you at the Rate, you think
“ sufficient, and satisfactory: But can you,
“ by your good Pleasure, or the Approbation of
“ your highest Patrons, make that to be either
“ Wit or Sense, which wou’d otherwise have
“ been Bombast, and Contradiction? If your
“ Poets are still Mr. BAYS’s, and your
“ Prose Authors Sir ROGERS, without
“ offering a better Manner, Must it follow,
“ that the Manner it self is good, or the Wit
“ Genuine? ——— What say you (Gentlemen)
“ to this new Piece? ——— Let us examin
“ these Lines, which you call *turning*! This
“ string of Sentences, which you call *Clever*!
“ This Pile of Metaphors, which you call *Su-*
“ blime! ——— Are you willing (Gentlemen)
“ to stand the Test? Do you despise the Exa-
“ mination?

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“ Sir, since you are pleas’d to take the Li-
“ berty with us, may we presume to ask you a
“ Question? — Oh! Gentlemen, — as many
“ as you please; I shall be highly Honour’d. —
“ Why then pray Sir inform us whether you
“ have ever Writ? — Very often, Gentlemen,
“ especially on a Post Night. — But have you
“ Writ (for Instance Sir) a Play, a Song,
“ an Essay, or a PAPER, as by way of Emi-
“ nence the current Pieces of our Weekly Wits
“ are generally stil’d? — Something of this kind
“ I may perhaps (Gentlemen) have attempted,
“ tho’ without publishing my Work. But pray
“ (Gentlemen) what is my Writing or not Wri-
“ ting to the Question in Hand? — Only this
“ (Sir) and you may fairly take our Words for
“ it, that when ever you Publish, you will find the
“ Town against you; your Piece will infallibly
“ be condemn’d. — So let it. But for what
“ Reason, (Gentlemen) for I am sure you
“ never saw the Piece. — No, Sir, but
“ you are a Critic; and we know by certain
“ Experience, that when a Critic according to
“ Rule and Method writes, he is sure never to
“ hit the English Taste. Did not Mr. R —
“ who Criticiz’d upon our English Tragedy,
“ Write a sorry one of his own? — If he
“ did (Gentlemen) ’twas his own fault not to
“ know his Genius better. But is his Criticism
“ the less just on this Account? If a Musician
“ performs his Part well in the hardest Sympho-
“ nies,

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“ nics, he must necessarily know the Notes,
“ and understand the Rules of Harmony, and
“ Music. But must a Man, therefore who has
“ an Ear, and who has Studied the Rules of
“ Music, of necessity have a Voice or Hand?
“ Can no one possibly judge of a Fiddle, but
“ who is himself a Fidler? Can no one judge
“ of a Picture, but who is himself a Layer
“ on of Colours. —————

Thus far our rational Gentleman perhaps might venture before our Coffee-house Audience. Had I been at his Elbow, to prompt him as a Friend, I shou'd hardly have thought fit to remind him of any thing further: On the contrary, I shou'd have rather taken him aside, to inform him of this Cabal, and establish'd Corporation of Wit; of their declar'd Aversion to Criticism, and their known Laws, and Statutes in that Case made and provided. I shou'd have told him in short, that Learned Arguments wou'd be mispent on such as these; and that he wou'd find little success, tho' he shou'd ever so plainly demonstrate to the Gentlemen of this size of Wit and Understanding.

That the greatest Masters of Art in every Kind of Writing, were eminent in the Critical Practice. But that they really were so, witness among the Antients the greatest
PHILOSOPHERS, whose Critical
Pieces.

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Pieces are intermixt with their profound *Philosophical Works*, and other politer Tracts ornamentally writ for public Use. Witness in *History* and *Rhetoric*, *ISOCRATES*, *DIONYSIUS*, *HALLICARNASSEUS*, *PLUTARCH*, and the corrupt *LUCIAN*, himself; the only one perhaps of these Authors, whom our Gentlemen may, in some Modern Tranilations have look'd into with any Curiosity, or Delight. To these, among the *Romans*, we may add *CICERO*, *VARRO*, *HORACE*, *QUINTILIAN*, *PLINY*, and many more.

Among the *Moderns* a *BOILEAU* and a *CORNEILLE* are sufficient Precedents in the Case before us. They apply'd their *Criticism* with just severity ev'n to their own Works. This indeed is a manner hardly practicable with the Poets of our own Nation. It wou'd be unreasonable to expect of them, that they shou'd bring such Measures in Use, as being apply'd to their Works, wou'd discover them to be wholly deform'd, and disproportionable. 'Tis no wonder therefore, if we have so little of this *Critical Genius* extant to guide us in our Taste. 'Tis no Wonder if what is generally current in this Kind, lies in a manner buried, and in disguise under *Burlesque*, as particularly in
that

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that witty Comedy [THE REHEARSAL] of a noble Author of this last Age. To the shame however of our profess'd *Wits* and *Euterprizers* in the higher Sphere of *Poetry*, it may be observ'd, that they have not wanted good Advice, and Instruction of the graver Kind, from as high a Hand in Respect of Quality and Character, since one of the justest of our Modern Poems, and so confess'd, even by our Poets themselves, is a short *Criticism* or *ART OF POETRY*, by which, if they themselves are to be judg'd, they must in general appear no better, than mere Bunglers, and void of all true Sense and Knowledge in their Art. But if in Reality, both *CRITIC*, and *POET*, confessing the Justice of those Rules of Art, can afterwards in Practice, condemn and approve, perform, and judge in a quite different Manner from what they acknowledge *just* and *true*, it plainly shews, that, tho' perhaps we are not indigent in *Wit*, yet we want what is of more Consequence, and can alone raise *Wit* to any Dignity and Worth, even plain *HONESTY*, *MANNERS*, and *sense* of that *MORAL TRUTH*, on which (as has been often express'd) *Poetic TRUTH* and *BEAUTY* must naturally depend.

to all Wits to consider that the highest Wit is not
most valued but most useful, and that the highest
Wit is not the most useful but the most useful. Qui

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*Qui didicit Patria quid debeat, & quid Amicis,
Quo sit amore Parens, quo Frater amandus &
(Hospes*

Quod sit conscripti, quod iudicis Officium

— ille prefesto

Reddere Persona scit Convenientia cuiq;.

Hor. de Arte Poet.

Tho' this might be sufficient to justify Criticism in General, and to expose Latitudinarian Scriblers of usurp'd Fame and Favour with the Town; yet this Noble Lord having given us such valuable Thoughts on this Head, and the present Occasion requiring all we can say to justify this Undertaking, I shall venture to Transcribe the Rest.

Odi Prophanum vulgus & arceo, was in its Time, no doubt, a Generous Defiance. The Avant, was natural and proper in its Place; especially where Religion and Virtue were the Poet's Theme. But with our Moderns, the Case is generally the very Reverse: And accordingly the Defiance or Avant shou'd run much after this manner. — “As for you Vulgar Souls,
“mere Naturals, who know no Art, were never admitted into the Temple of Wisdom,
“nor ever visited the Sanctuaries of Wit or
“Learning, gather your selves together from
“all

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“ all Parts, and hearken to the Song, or Tale,
“ I am about to utter ; but for you Men of
“ Science and Understanding, who have Ears
“ and Judgment, and can weigh Sense, and
“ scan Syllables, and measure Sounds ; you,
“ who by a certain Art, distinguish False
“ Thought from True, Correctness from
“ Rudeness, and Bombast and Chaos, from
“ Order and the Sublime, away hence ! or
“ stand aloof ! whilst I practice upon the
“ easyness of those mean Capacities and Ap-
“ prehensions, who make the most numerous
“ Audience, and are the only Competent
“ Judges of my Labours.

’Tis strange to see how differently the
Vanity of Mankind runs in different Times
and Seasons. ’Tis at present, the boast
of almost every Enterprizer in the *Muses*
Art, — “ That by his Genius alone, and a
“ natural Rapidity of Stile and Thought, he
“ is able to carry all before him ; that he plays
“ with his Business, does Things in passing,
“ and at a venture, and in the quickest period
“ of Time. In the Days of *ATTIC*
Eloquence, as Works were then truly of
another Form and Turn, so Workmen
were of another Humour, and had their
Vanity of a quite contrary kind : They
became rather affected, in endeavouring to
discover the Pains they had taken to Cor-
rect ; they were glad to insinuate how
labo-

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laboriously, and with what Expence of Time, they had brought the smallest Work of theirs (as perhaps a single *Ode*, *Satire*, *Oration*, or *Panegyrick*) to its Perfection. When they had so polish'd their Piece, and render'd it so natural and easy, that it seem'd only a lucky Flight, a hit of Thought, a flowing vein of Humour, they were then chiefly concern'd, lest it shou'd in *Reallity* pass for such, and their Artifice remain undiscover'd. They were willing it shou'd be known, how serious their Play was; and how Elaborate their Freedom and Facility, that they might, as the agreeable and polite Poet Glancing on himself,

Ludentis speciem dabit, & torquebitur.

Hor. Ep. 2. Lib. 2.

A N D

*Speret idem; sudet multum frustra; laboret
Ausus idem; tantum series, junctura; pollet.*

Arte Poetica.

Such Accuracy of Workmanship, requires a CRITIC's Eye, 'tis lost upon a Vulgar Judgment. Nothing grieves a real Artist more, than that Indifference of the Public, which suffers his Work to pass Uncriticiz'd. Nothing, on the other side, rejoices

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rejoices him more, than the nice View and Inspection of the accurate *Examiner* and Judge of Work. 'Tis the Mean *Genius*, the Slovenly Performer, who knowing nothing of *True Workmanship*, endeavours by the best outward Gloss, and dazling Show, to turn the Eye from a direct and steady Survey of his Piece.

What is there that an expert *Musician* more earnestly desires, than to perform his part in the presence of those who are knowing in his Art? 'Tis to the Ear alone that he applies himself, the *Critical* the nice Ear; let his Hearers be of what *Character* they please; be they naturally Austere, Morose, or Rigid, no matter, so they are but *Critics*, able to Censure, remark and sound every Accord and Symphony. What is there mortifies the good Painter more, than when amidst his admiring Spectators, there is not one present who has been us'd to compare the Hands of different Masters, or has an Eye to distinguish the Advantages and Defects of every Stile? Thro' all the Inferiour Orders of *Mechanics*, the Rule is form'd to hold the same. In every Science, every Art, the *real Masters* or *Proficients*, rejoyce in nothing more, than in the thorow Search and Examination of their Performances by the Rules of Art, and nicest *Criticism*.

Why

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Why therefore (in the Muses Name) is it not the same with our Pretenders to the Writing Art, our Poets, and Prose Authors in every kind? Why in this Profession are we found *Critic Haters*, and indulged in this Unlearned Aversion; unless it be taken for granted, that as *Wit* and *Learning* stand at present in our Nation, we are still upon the Foot of *Empiricks* and *Mountebanks*.

From these Considerations, I take upon me absolutely to condemn the Fashionable Custom of Inveighing against *CRITICS*, as the common Enemies, the Pests and *Beau-tesens* of the Commonwealth of Wit and Letters. I assert, on the contrary, that they are the Props and Pillars of this Building, and that without their Encouragement, and Propagation, we shall remain still as *GOTHIC Architects* as ever.

I shall give you but one Quotation more from this noble Lord, for shou'd I transcribe all that he has Written Admirably on this Subject, it wou'd make my Preface much larger than my Book. After having given us a Notion of the *Antients*, he proceeds in this manner:

Our Modern Authors, on the contrary, are turn'd and modell'd (as themselves confess) by the public Relish, and current Humour of the Times. They regulate themselves by the irregular fancy of the World,

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World, and frankly own, they are preposterous and absurd, in order to accommodate themselves to the Genius of the Age. In our Days, the *Audience* makes the *Poet*, and the *Bookseller* the *Author*; With what Profit to the *Public*, or what Prospect of lasting Fame and Honour to the *Writer*, let any one who has Judgment imagine.

But tho' our Writers, charge their Faults thus freely on the *Public*, it will, I doubt, appear from many Instances, that this practice is but a mere Imposture, since those Absurdities, which they are the aptest to commit, are far from being Delightful or Entertaining. We are glad to take up with what our Language can afford us, and by a sort of *Emulation* with other Nations, are forc'd to cry up such Writers of our own, as may best serve us for Comparison. But when we are out of this Spirit, it must be own'd we are not apt to discover any great Fondness or Admiration of our Authors; nor have we any, whom by mutual Consent we make to be our *Standard*. We go to Plays, as to other *Shows*, and frequent the Theatre as the *Booths*. We read *Epics* and *Dramatics*, as we do *Satires* and *Lampoons*; for we must of necessity know what Wit, as well as what Scandal is stirring: Read we must

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must, let the Writers be ever so indifferent; and this perhaps, may be some Occasion of the Laziness and Negligence of our Authors, who observing this Need, which our Curiosity brings on us, and making an exact Calculation in the way of Trade, to know justly the Quality and Quantity of the publick Demand, feed us from Hand to Mouth; resolving not to overstock the Market, or be at the Pains of more Correctness or Wit, than is absolutely necessary to carry on the Traffic.

This Noble Lord has said so much here, and so justly in the Behalf of Criticism, that I shall not presume to add any more. But I cannot conclude without a Word about the following Criticism. The Reader must not expect so merry and good Entertainment here, as in the first Rehearsal; that noble Author had Works to expose, in which there was a sprightly Dullness and Absurdities that run naturally into Ridicule. But the Works which are the Subject of our present Considerations, are so stor'd with a heavy Stupidity, that nothing has made them worth Notice, but the Success they have met with from the Town, especially the last, which is yet the most Stupid, Absurd, and Abandon'd of them all. There is so constant a Lust of saying Nothing in a great many Words, that little Entertainment can be drawn from them.

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I have therefore only taken this manner of Dialogue, to make the Remarks the more easily past thro', as being naturally more Amusing than the plain and regular Criticism. I do assure the Reader that I have not been prompted by either Ill-nature or Envy; I hope I am entirely free from both in my Temper; and indeed the Author, under our Consideration, has left no manner of room for the later; I cannot so easily clear my self of Disdain and Indignation.

Si Natura negat facit Indignatio Versus.

The Persons Names.

Mr. Freeman. { A Gentleman of a good
Taste and Learning.

Mr. Truemit. { A Man of Wit and good
Taste.

Sir Indolent Ease. { A Man of Wit, but one
who is, or seems to be
pleas'd with every
Thing and every
Writer.

Sawny Dapper. { A young Poet of the
Modern stamp, an easy
Versifyer, Conceited
and a Contemner se-
cretly of all others.

Mr. Bays. { A Pedantic, Reciting Po-
et, admir'd by the
Mob and himself, but
justly condemn'd by
Men of Sense and
Learning, and a despi-
ser of Rules and Art.

Scene: the Rose Tavern Covent-Garden.

(1)

A New

REAHEARSAL,

O R,

BAY'S the Younger.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

A Room in the Rose Tavern Covent-Garden.

Freeman and True-Wit.

Free. **W**ELL Dick, Here's your welcome to Town.

[Drinks.]

True. Joseph I thank thee, there is nothing can make the Town more agreeable to me, after so long an Absence, than an Evenings Converse with thee now and then, disengag'd from all the Impertinence, which generally renders Conversation here so intolerable.

Free.

Free. Our Town Impertinence is at least so much the more tolerable, than that of the Country, as it has more of Variety and Pertness.

True. I shou'd as soon believe Pain were to be render'd so by being of various kinds. 'Tis true your Coxcombs are more pert, than ours in the Country; but that renders them the more troublesom and talkative; whereas a Country Fool may pass, by his Silence, on us for a Man of Thought.

Free. Oh! Sir, if your grave Sot be to your Gouft, you may be furnish'd with a Dish or two every Night within the Bre-cincts of *Covent-Garden*. There is no Resort of the Wits but are replenish'd with your solemn Listners, who with their Nods keep Time to the Talkers, and seem to Approve and Understand all that is said.

True. Just as it was I find when I us'd *Will's*; but pray Sir does that Ancient Rendezvous of the *Beaux Esprits* hold its Ground? And do Men now, as formerly, become *WITS* by sipping Coffee and Tea with *Wycherly* and the reigning Poets?

Free. No, no, there has been great Revolutions in this State of Affairs since you left us; *Buttons* is now the Establish'd *Wits* Coffee-house, and all the Young Scriblers of the Times pay their Attendance

dance Nightly there, to keep up their Pretensions to Sense and Understanding.

True. And who and who honest *Jo*; are the Dispensers of Fame now? What bright Spirits entertain the Town with their Pens?

Free. Ah *Dick*! such a Race of Poets, as never were seen or heard of before. A tolerable knack at Versification sets any Man up for an Author; but as for force of Genius, Art, Imagery, and true Sense, they are still thought very needless Qualifications in a Poet. Nay they are so very averse to them, that whoever presumes to advance any thing in their favour, is sure to have all the Votes of the House against him; for they think Ignorance is the Mother of *Wit*, and Poetry, as the Papists believe it the Mother of Devotion.

True. By this I find the Town is not yet much chang'd in their detestable Taste; and I must confess, I always thought that there was hardly any where to be found a more insipid Race of Mortals, than those whom we Moderns are pleas'd to Complement with the Name of Poets, meerly for having attain'd the Chiming Faculty of a Language, with an Injudicious random use of *Wit* and *Fancy*.

Free. True; yet the Man who truly and in a just Sense deserves the Name of *Poet*,
B
and

and who, as a real Master, can describe both *Men* and *Manners*, and give to an Action its just Body and Proportions; as he is a very different Creature, so he will find less Esteem and Popularity.

True. Such a Poet, indeed, is a second *Maker*, like that Sovereign Artist or Universal Plastic Nature, he forms a *W H O L E*, Coherent and Proportion'd in it self, with the due Subjection of Subordinancy of constituent Parts; he Notes the Boundaries of the Passions, and knows their exactest *Tones* and *Measures*; by which he justly represents them, marks the *Sublime* of the Sentiments and Action, and distinguishes the *Beautiful* from the *Deform'd*, the *Amiable* from the *Odious*.

Free. But our present Authors, for the most Part, at least the most Taking and Celebrated of them, are not of this Kind. For whatever is Capricious and Odd, is sure to create Diversion, to those who look no farther; and where there is nothing like *Nature*, there is no room for the Troublesome part of *Thought* and *Contemplation*. 'Tis the Perfection of our Grotesque Painters, to keep as far from Nature as is possible; to find a Likeness in their Works, is to find the greatest Fault imaginable. A Natural Connexion is a *Slur*, a Coherence, a *Design*, a *Meaning*, is against their

their purpose, and destroys the very Spirit and Genius of their Workmanship.

True. *What things are these who wou'd be
Poets Thought ?*

By Nature not Inspir'd, nor Learning Taught.

But this still keeps up to the Character of the Wits, as they have been all my Time ; Fustian and Rant have past for the Sublime, and ———

Free. But those were Men of Spirit to our Scriblers now, their Tragedies wou'd make you Laugh heartily ; but those of our chief Hero are so plentifully stor'd with Opium, that they make you sleep.

*Our King return'd, and Banish'd Peace restor'd,
The Muse run Mad to see her Exil'd Lord ;
On the rack'd Stage the Bedlam Heroes roar'd,
And scarce cou'd speak one Reasonable Word.*

As a Noble Critic has observ'd ; but the *Almanzors* and *Maximins*, had a sprightly flowing Verse, and often some good Topics, Reflections and Lines ; but now you will be puzzled to find one good Line in many Plays of our most taking Authors. They are infinitely more Absurd in their plots, their Manners, and Sentiments, and yet do not make amends with the least

Proverbial Line or Sentence, that a Man can carry away to justify his having thrown away his Time and his Money in hearing and seeing them.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, there is Sir *Indolent Easie* below asks for Mr. *Freeman*.

Free. Oh ! desire him to walk up.

[*Exit Drawer.*]

True. Pray who is this Noble Knight you have Invited up Stairs ?

Free. Why, Sir, this fame Sir *INDOLENT EASIE*, is a Man of Letters, and a Celebrated *WIT*; and tho' he has perform'd in Poetry with a great and just Applause, Judges, or Affects to Judge abominably: He is excessively Civil to all Authors; but whilst he raises the Vanity of a Man of Merit by his Complaisance to him, he mortifies him with the Praise of some Scoundrel Scribler of the Times, who has none. He is Friendly to the Unfortunate, and seems to take Pleasure in giving Assistance to the Unhappy; and his Affectation of being displeas'd with nothing, makes every thing agreeable; I know nothing that he expresses any Aversion to but a *Critic*, tho' he has the least Reason in the World to fear him himself. But paying a professed

De

Deference to Success, he thinks that sufficient to determine the Goodness of any Performance : But here he is.

Enter Sir Indolent.

Sir Indolent your most Humble Servant.

Sir Ind. *Joseph Freeman* yours sincerely.

Free. Sir, *Indolent*, give me leave to recommend this Country Friend of mine to your Knowledge.

Sir Ind. Sir, I shall be proud to Rank you in the number of my Friends. Pray, Sir, what's your Friends Name? for I love to speak easily and familiarly.

Free. *True-wit*, *Sir Indolent*.

Sir Ind. *Truewit* ! A very Ancient Family I profess ; but if I am not mistaken, not very numerous.

Free. They have succeeded Son and Father, without any Brothers, Sir, for many Generations ; but I fear the Family will be Extinct, if we prevail not with my Friend to Marry ; he grows an Old Bachelor, and that is ill Policy in those who must keep up a Name, lest his Children fall into the Hands of Bad Tutors.

Sir Ind. Foregad I am no Enemy to Marriage ; but for my self I remain single, because I wou'd avoid all Disquiet. But so. I left a Friend of yours below, who

will be glad to see you, when he has dispatch'd some Booksellers who teize him for Copy.

Free. Some Author by that ; and a Modern Author, as the Commodity now goes is not so agreeable a Dish to my Friend and me, as you imagine Sir *Indolent*. But which of this Fry is it I pray you ?

Sir *Ind.* Why honest *Sawny Dapper*, 'foregad, a very pretty young Fellow ; he writes very agreeably, and is much in Vogue with the Town.

Free. Oh *Dick* ! one of the most Empty and most Conceited of the whole Tribe.

Sir *Ind.* Nay, prithee dear *Jo.* be not so Ill-natur'd.

Free. Nay, prithee Sir *Indolent* be not so Good-natur'd, as to like every Pretender ; you know better, and do a Mischief to Merit by your Civility to, and Caressing of such as have none.

Sir *Ind.* Nay, 'foregad *Sawny* has a very pretty Genius, is very Harmonious, and Writes a great many fine things, ask the Ladies else.

Free. The Ladies are wonderful Judges of Art, indeed, of which they know not one Syllable ; and as for Nature, it has been so corrupted by a course of ill Diet in Poetics, that they can draw no assistance from thence.

True. Give me leave, Sir *Indolent*, to deliver my Country Notion of this matter ;
you

you say he has a pretty *Genius* : To say nothing of the deminutive *Pretty*, a *Genius* alone is not sufficient to set up an Author. The *Horse* alone can never make the *Horseman*, nor the *Limbs* the *Wrestler* or *Dancer*; no more can a *Genius* alone make a *Poet*, or good *Parts* a *Writer*, in any considerable *Kind*. The *Skill* and *Grace* of *Writing* is founded in *Knowledge* and *Good Sense*. *Horace* has decided this long ago.

*Natura fieret laudabile Carmen an Arte
 Quæsitum est; Ego nec studium sine divite Venâ
 Nec Rude quid profit Ingenium video, alterius
 Altera poscit Opem Res, & conjurat amice. (sic
 Hor.*

*Some think that Poets may be form'd by Art,
 Others maintain that Nature makes them so.
 I neither see, what Art without a Vein,
 Or Wit without the help of Art can do :
 But mutually need each others Aid.*

ROSCOMMON's Version.

Sir Ind. I confess, Gentlemen, that were I to Write my self, I wou'd have a true and just *Regard* to both *Art* and *Nature* ; but then I do it, because I find it very agreeable to my *Humour* ; I can't please my self without *Order*, and the *Harmony* of *Parts*. But 'foregad if the obtaining these *Perfections* were troublesome to me, I wou'd

not give my self any Concern about it. Perhaps these poor Gentlemen find a difficulty in these Points, perhaps they cannot with all their Application attain them. Wou'd you be so unreasonable to require that of them which they cannot do?

Free. Let them Continue then courteous Readers, and not presume to Scribble, and assume an Air from a false success, to make them greater Coxcombs than they would be without it.

Sir Ind. 'Foregad you're too severe, must none but Ciet-Cats have leave to ——— Scribbling's the Diabetis of the Mind; and when a Man's infected with it, he can't help clapping Pen to Paper, and then what ensues you generally find. Besides, what need they take pains to arrive at Art, when they do their Business without it. What Plays have taken more than those of Mr. *BAYS*, ev'n from his first Appearance to this day. If his Plays take, what wou'd you have more? And 'forgad I think the *Ambitious Stepmother* is an excellent Tragedy as Tragedies go now. Then here's his *Tamerlane*, *Ulysses*, *Fair Penitent*, and last and greatest of All, *Jane Shore*. Who can contend with him? the Ladies admire them, the Lords encourage them, and every one goes to them, what wou'd you have more?

True.

True. One Man of Learning, Art and Understanding, faithfully and sincerely declare his Approbation of any one of them: For I confess we in the Country were wonderfully surpriz'd to find that they were so very well receiv'd, without any one Beauty through them all, that we cou'd find from the reading them.

Sir Ind. Nay, for the Reading them, I must own I never gave my self the Trouble to do that; I was satisfied with seeing them, and was active to promote the Author's Benefit on their being Acted.

Free. Well faith, *Sir Indolent*, you ought to do some Penance for such a supererogatory Transgression; especially since I know you have been slack enough in encouraging much better Performances, because they did not take so well. *True-wit*, Seat your self on the other side the Knight, whilst I secure him on this; I am resolv'd to mortify him with our Examination of them all, by which he shall see, what an Incubus he has hugg'd with so much Ardour, under the disguise of Success.

Sir Ind. Foregad, Gentlemen, I can't bear it, I must be gon, I have Business.

Free. You shall not stir one Foot, *Sir Indolent*, till we have perform'd the Operation — You are Master of so much good Sense, that it is an Act of Humanity to

cure you of the only monstrous failing you have. Come, 'tis in vain to struggle; submit patiently, and the Cure will be effected with the less trouble.

Sir Ind. Well, 'foregad if it must be so I will be patient; but handle my good Friend with as much tenderness as possible, I beg you.

True. Well, *Sir Indolent*, for your sake, we will not insist on Peccadillo's, we'll pass over his dull Insipidness, and a little heavy Nonsense or so, without any Notice, if that will satisfy you. We will begin with his first *Play*, from whence he deriv'd his Authority, only premising a few necessary Preliminaries; as to the Nature of Tragedy, on which we shall build our Criticisms.

Sir Ind. Well, Gentlemen, what you please.

Free. The Antients ———

Sir Ind. Phoo, What signify the Antients, since they are unknown to our Wits of a Court and Town Education, who can go no farther back into Antiquity, 'foregad, than their Pedigree can shew them. Besides Wit now is something like our Paper Credit; the Men of Business agree to give that the force of Money, and the Men of Pleasure, This the force of *Wit*. They are both arbitrary; but I have done, I only offer this by the way.

Free.

Free. I am not now talking to one of those ignorant Scriblers, who are forc'd to fly to Anarchy in Writing, because the establishment of Order, Subordination and Harmony, wou'd put an end to their Pretences to Reputation as Authors. No, Sir *Indolent*, I am speaking to a Man of Reason, a Man of Letters, a Poet, who has shown himself worthy of that Name, by his Performance.

Sir *Ind.* 'Foregad *Jo*, you do me too much Honour; but I'll take the Bribe and be silent.

Free. I mean no Bribe nor Complement, because it is no more than Truth; but then I must tell you it aggravates your Fault in your Indulgence of every Scribler that appears.

Sir *Ind.* Alas! poor Men, they do their best. But Sir to your Point.

Free. I do persuade my self that you will allow, that the Perfection of whatever Art we derive from the Antients, is to be judged by the Antients and their Practice, who were the Founders of that Art. I will not deny but there may be Improvements made in an old Art, as we find in the Mathematics: But then they must be real Improvements, and not Things destructive of the very Art it self. *Euclid* to this day is the Foundation of Geometry, and all the

Learned

Learned Books that have been written on that Subject, have been but a sort of Notes and Explanations of that Author, I mean as far as the Elements of that Art, which are still the same. I am not enquiring into the Modern Improvements of *Geometry*, they are Great and Noble, affording the most solid Grounds of a most rational Philosophy. But then the Modern Authors have not inverted the Ancient Art, as not Diametrically, contrary to the Rules establish'd by *Euclid*.

True. This I take to be very plain, and therefore it needs not any further Proof. I farther think it pretty evident, that *Tragedy* was the Invention and Product of *Athens*, and that the Rules which *Aristotle* has given us, were Receiv'd and Establish'd in that City, they being indeed drawn from the Practice of the best of the *Athenian* Poets before his Time, and exactly agreeable to Reason and Nature.

Sir Ind. I can't deny the Fact.

Free. It is pretty Remarkable, that as all the Politer Arts had their Rise from this little Commonwealth, so they all Arriv'd to such a Perfection there, that no other Nation has yet been able to improve them. Their *Statues* is one Proof, which notwithstanding the Injury of Time, afford yet the highest Praise to that Master who comes nearest

nearest to their Excellence ; and this was the utmost Aim of *Angelo, Bernini, &c.*

True. I know not whether I am, in the right or not, yet I am of Opinion, that the Addition made to the *Greek* Orders in Architecture, has added no Beauty to that Art.

Free. *Architecture* is perhaps founded on more Arbitrary Principles, than *Poetry, Painting, and Oratory*; in which I believe it wou'd be no difficult matter to prove the *Romans* never equal'd the *Greeks*; for indeed it is with great difficulty (if possible) that a Copier can reach the Original.

Sir Ind. The sum^e of what you aim at Gentlemen, by what you have said, seems to me to imply, that as Tragedy was a Poem invented and made perfect, and adorn'd with all its Rules of arriving at Perfection and Nature by the *Greeks*; if we will call ours by the same Name, and pretend it to be the same Poem, it must be judg'd by the same Rules?

Free. You take us, *Sir Indolent*, perfectly well, for that is what we design by all we have urg'd; and that I believe, *Sir Indolent*, you will grant us, without any farther Proof, as being a very reasonable Postulatum.

Sir Ind. Foregad, Gentlemen, I won't differ with you for Trifles ——— I must own what you say to be true. *True.*

True. From thence we shall only infer, that the Principal Care of the Poet ought to be employ'd in the principal part of the Poem, the *Fable*; and that any Play that is defective grossly in that, must be a detestable *Tragedy*; that next to that, the *Manners* are to be taken Care of, as that they be *Good*, that is, *Well-mark'd*, *Convenient*, *Like*, *Equal*, and *Necessary*, and that the Sentiments be the genuine and natural Result of the Manners, that is, such Thoughts as a Person endow'd with such Manners, under such Passions and such Circumstances, wou'd think; for the Temper of the Person gives different Sentiments of the same Things, and the same Circumstances. It is therefore the Poet's Business to enter into the Nature of the Character he draws, and give such Sentiments, as the Manners of the Dramatic Person require.

Free. The last thing, and of least Consequence is the Diction. But tho' it be of the least Consequence of any of the Essential parts of Tragedy, yet it must be allow'd of very great Moment; and the more, because we have no Example of any Man, who has been eminent for the other parts of this Poem, who has not likewise excell'd in the Diction, as *Homer*, *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, *Virgil*, &c. tho' *Aristotle* seems to have had some old Play, in his View,
when

when he suppos'd a good Tragedy might be without the force of Diction or Numbers.

True. In this Age, the Poet is oblig'd to take a more than ordinary Care of the Language; because that is only capable of recommending his Play to the Town; tho', I must confess, it is no easy task to give them what they call fine Language, and at the same time, have the Beauty of *Fable*, *Manners*, and *Sentiments*; for the Perfection of the *Drama* being ACTION, (it being, indeed, the Imitation of an Action) those Plays, that are most calculated for fine Speeches, have the least, nay, little or no Action at all; or if at any time they have, the Poets are oblig'd to stretch their Entertainment to an unmeasurable Length.

Free. I shall only add to what has been said, that the End and Aim of *Tragedy*, is to move Fear or Compassion, or both; and therefore what ever Fable of a Tragedy is not Calculated for this End, is Faulty and not Tragical.

Sir Ind. Well, allowing all you have said, for in Reason it appears to me but just; pray proceed to your Business, that I may pass thro' my Torture the sooner.

Free. To that we now come; the *Ambitious Stepmother*, the very Name of the Play is wrong; for Ambition is not properly a Dramatic Passion, it has too much of
Sedate-

Sedateness, 'tis too particular, it extends not to the general Life, as Anger, Curiosity, Rashness, Obstinacy, and the like, which render, by Indulgence, the Common or General Life of Man uneasy, and often very Unhappy. But not to stand upon Trifles, where there are more Substantial Errors, let us go to the Plot or Fable. The Action imitated by the Fable, if there be any, is the Establishing *Artaban* on the Throne of *Arfaces*; this, in it self, can have nothing Tragical, unless it can be made to move, or does move Terror or Compassion, or both.

True. But I think it will be pretty plain, that this Fable, or Action, is not calculated for either of those Views. The Story as well as I can reduce it to any form, is thus :

Arfaces King of *Persia*, being on his Death Bed, his Wife *Artimisa* (Widow to a great Lord of *Persia*, who was Murder'd in Battle to make way for the King) in Conjunction with *Mirza*, the first Minister of State, and *Magas* Priest of the Sun, contrive to advance *Artaban* the Son of *Artemisa* by the King, to the Throne, tho' the Eldest Son *Artaxerxes*, a brave and virtuous Prince, was Alive, and Meritorious of the Crown. This Prince and his Father-in-Law *Memnon*, and his Mistress or Wife *Amestris*, return this Day

Day from Banishment to *Persopolis*, under the Advantage of a Sacred Holiday, on which every Body was safe by the Fundamentals of Religion. The Priest, the Queen, and the first Minister contrive to seize them in the Temple, to shock all the People with the Sacrilege, tho' they might have seiz'd them by the King's Authority (for all that we can see to the contrary) and so without any hazard or bustle, might have been either sent into Banishment again, or more decently dispatch'd.

Well, they are seiz'd in the Temple, the Prince's Bride is forc'd from him by *Mirza's* Order; the Old Fellow at that odd Time, having a mighty mind to a young bit of Flesh, addresses to her the Minute after he was thought by her to have Murder'd her Father and Husband, and struggl'd with by *Mirza*, who proving every way too weak, yet troublesome, she by good luck finds a Dagger by his side (but how it came there no body can guess) and stabs the prime Minister, who getting the Dagger again, she having taken care to throw it down pretty near him, he makes *Orchanes* drag her to him that he may stab her, which the Russian, Captain of the Queen's Guard, does without any scruple. She is no sooner stabb'd but reels out that *Artaxerxes* and *Memnon* might come in; *Cleone*, *Mirza's* Daughter,

Daughter, perfectly Virtuous, &c. falls in Love with *Artaxerxes*, and comes to set him at Liberty, killing herself to convince him of her Truth. So *Artaxerxes* and *Memnon*, coming into *Mirza's* House by *Cleone's* Key, found *Mirza* Dead to their Satisfaction; but soon *Amestris* returns to the same place, ready to drop down dead, having Bled all this while without any help; well, she comes in, tells her Fate and Dies; *Artaxerxes* stabs himself and Dies; and *Memnon*, that he might not be stab'd too, runs his Head against a Wall and knocks out his Brains. Thus all the Rivals of *Artaban's* Power were remov'd; but he, on hearing of the Captivity of his Enemies, takes a freak to set them at Liberty, and revolts from his Mother, but comes too late; however he is very angry with *Artemisa*, and sets a Guard on her, assuring the Audience, That the Horrors of this Night shall guide his future Sway; he will not be Guilty of Sacrilege or Bloody Treachery, will keep all his Promises even to his Enemies, and the like; so that he is sure the Gods will walk Hand in Hand with him, and guard that Power they trusted to his Land.

This is what we must call the Plot or Fable, which is indeed a strange kind of Medley, and has nothing either Rational

or Dramatic in it; it has no *Moral*, or none of any use; and is indeed directed by *Artaban* himself only to his own public Conduct, in which the Audience have not the least Interest or Concern; it moves neither Terror nor Compassion, nor are the Manners any way necessary to the end propos'd. Nay, *Mirza's* Lust had nothing to do with the bringing *Artaban* to the Throne, but must have totally disappointed it, had not *Orchanes*, contrary to the Honour of a Soldier and a Man, villainously forc'd *Amestris* to the dying, prime Minister to be stabb'd; which was highly improbable, if not impossible, that *Orchanes* shou'd do, even for his own Interest, since he might have made better Terms for himself (which cou'd be the only motive of an Action to a Man of his Character) with *Artaxerxes*, than with a dying Villain, who by Consequence cou'd do him no manner of Service.

Free. *Mirza* is represented as a Cunning Man, but his Conduct with *Amestris*, is the most silly, that an unruly Boy cou'd be guilty of. As his falling in Love at that Juncture, and his design'd Rape, were without any manner of Use to the Catastrophe or the Design of the Play, so was it manag'd like a Fool; his Age and Weakness in the Attempt, discover that he
might

might have delay'd the Execution till all was safe, and nothing cou'd contradict his Will. He tells us it is but Lust mingled with Revenge; and then it was natural for him to defer his falacious Entertainment for a few Hours, when he might have taken a securer way to his Satisfaction, ev'n by the Rules of Common Sense, than by a Struggle with Youth prepossess'd against him by Love and Hatred, the detestation of his Murder of her Lord and her Father. Since the Author was resolv'd to make him a Villain, He shou'd not have made him a Fool too, because he had call'd him a cunning Politic Person. *Orchanes*, or many of his Domestics, who are always diligent in promoting their Lord's Vices for their own Benefit, wou'd have held her, whilst the Impotent Master might have nothing to do but to take his beastly satisfaction of her. From this and a living Prime Minister, the Capt. of the Guards might have assur'd himself of some Reward, which he cou'd not expect from dying *Mirza*. Humane Nature is not so very depraved as to do Villanies only for Villany's sake; so that *Orchanes* had not the least Reason to obey his cruelty in his last Agonies of Life without any Respect, since he did not know but *Artaxerxes* and *Memnon* had made their Escape, and so he might be punish'd for a Deed, from which

which he cou'd expect no manner of Benefit. But indeed *Orchanes* is not punish'd at all, but goes off triumphant in the possession of his Place, for all that we can find to the Contrary.

True. 'Tis plain that the Story of this Play was taken from the Establishing *Solomon* on the Throne of *David*, by *Bathsheba*, *Nathan* the Prophet, *Zadok* the Priest, &c. And if the Poet had follow'd the Holy History more closely, there wou'd have been no need of those monstrous Characters of *Mirza*, *Magas*, &c.

The plain History is thus in the first Book of *Kings*, Chap. 1. 5, 6. " Then *Adonijah* the Son of *Haggith* exalted himself, " saying, I will be King, and he prepar'd " himself Chariots and Horsemen, and " fifty Men to run before him. And his " Father had not displeas'd him at any " Time in saying, Why hast thou done so ? " And he also was a very goodly Man, and " his Mother bore him after *Absolom*. And " he conferr'd with *Joab* the Son of *Zeruiah*, and with *Abiather* the Priest, and " they following *Adonijah* helped him. But " *Zadok* the Priest, and *Benaiah* the Son of " *Jehoiada*, and *Nathan* the Prophet, and " *Shimei*, and *Rei*, and the mighty Men " that belong'd to *David*, were not with " *Adonijah*. And *Adonijah* slew Sheep and " Oxen,

“ Oxen, and fat Cattel by the Stone of
 “ *Zohemoth* which is by *En-Rogel*, and cal-
 “ led all his Brethren the Kings Sons, and
 “ all the Men of *Judah* the Kings Servants.
 “ But *Nathan* the Prophet, and *Benaiah*,
 “ and the Mighty Men, and *Solomon* his
 “ Brother he called not. Wherefore *Na-*
 “ *than* spake unto *Bathsheba* the Mother of
 “ *Solomon*, saying, Hast thou not heard
 “ that *Adonijah* the Son of *Haggith* doth
 “ Reign, and *David* our Lord know-
 “ eth it not? Now therefore come, let
 “ me, I pray thee, give thee Counsel, that
 “ thou mayst save thine own Life, and
 “ and the Life of thy Son *Solomon*. Go,
 “ and get thee in unto King *David*, and
 “ say unto him, Didst not thou my Lord,
 “ O King, swear unto thine Handmaid,
 “ saying, assuredly *Solomon* thy Son shall
 “ reign after me, and he shall sit upon my
 “ Throne? Why then doth *Adonijah* reign?
 “ Behold, while thou yet talkest there
 “ with the King, I also will come in after
 “ thee and confirm thy Words. And *Bath-*
 “ *sheba* went in unto the King, into the
 “ Chamber; and the King was very Old,
 “ and *Abishag* the *Shunamite* Ministred unto
 “ the King. And *Bathsheba* bowed and
 “ did obeysance unto the King; and the
 “ King said, What wouldst thou? And
 “ she said unto him, my Lord, thou swarest
 “ by

“ by the Lord thy God unto thine Handmaid
 “ saying, Affuredly *Solomon* thy Son shall
 “ reign after me, and he shall sit upon my
 “ Throne: And now behold, *Adonijah* reign-
 “ eth; and my Lord the King thou know-
 “ est it not. And he hath slain Oxen, and
 “ fat Cattel, and Sheep in abundance, and
 “ hath called all the Sons of the King, and
 “ *Abiathar* the Priest, and *Joab* the Captain
 “ of the Host: But *Solomon* thy Servant
 “ hath he not called. And thou, my
 “ Lord, O King, the Eyes of all *Israel* are
 “ upon thee, that thou shouldst tell them
 “ who shall sit on the Throne of my Lord
 “ the King after him. Otherwise it shall
 “ come to pass, when my Lord the King
 “ shall sleep with his Fathers, that I and
 “ my Son *Solomon* shall be counted Offen-
 “ ders. And lo, while she yet talked with
 “ the King, *Nathan* the Prophet also came
 “ in. And they told the King, saying,
 “ Behold *Nathan* the Prophet. And when
 “ he was come in before the King, he bow-
 “ ed himself before the King with his
 “ Face to the Ground. And *Nathan* said,
 “ My Lord O King, hast thou said, *Ado-
 “ nijah* shall reign after me, and he shall
 “ sit upon my Throne? For he is gone
 “ down this day, and hath slain Oxen and
 “ fat Cattel, and Sheep in abundance, and
 “ hath called all the Kings Sons, and the
 “ Captains

“ Captains of the Host, and *Abiather* the
 “ Priest, and behold, they Eat and Drink
 “ before him, and say, God save King
 “ *Adonijah*. But me, even me thy Ser-
 “ vant, and *Zadock* the Priest, and *Benaiah*
 “ the Son of *Jehoida*, and thy servant *So-*
 “ *lomon* hath he not called. Is this thing
 “ done by my Lord the King, and thou
 “ hast not shewed it unto thy Servant, who
 “ shall sit upon the Throne of my Lord
 “ the King after him? Then *David* an-
 “ swer’d, and said, Call me *Bathsheba* ; and
 “ she came into the Kings presence, and
 “ stood before the King. And the King
 “ sware, and said, as the Lord liveth that
 “ redeemed my Soul out of all distress,
 “ even as I sware unto thee by the Lord
 “ God of *Israel*, saying, Assuredly *Solomon*
 “ thy Son shall reign after me, and he shall
 “ sit upon my Throne in my stead ; even so
 “ will I certainly do this day. Then *Bath-*
 “ *sheba* bowed with her Face to the Earth,
 “ and did Reverence to the King, and
 “ said, Let my Lord King *David* live for
 “ ever. And King *David* said, Call me
 “ *Zadok* the Priest, and *Nathan* the Pro-
 “ phet, and *Benaiah* the Son of *Jehoida*.
 “ And they came before the King. And
 “ the King also said unto them, Take
 “ with you the Servants of your Lord,
 “ and cause *Solomon* my Son to ride upon
 “ mine

“ mine own Mule, and bring him down
 “ to *Gihon*. And let *Zadok* the Priest, and
 “ *Nathan* the Prophet anoint him there
 “ King over *Israel*: And blow ye with the
 “ Trumpet, and say, God save King *So-*
 “ *lomon*. Then ye shall come up after him,
 “ that he may come and sit upon my Throne;
 “ for he shall be King in my stead: And I
 “ have appointed him to be Ruler over
 “ *Israel* and over *Judah*. And *Benaiah* the
 “ Son of *Jehoida*, answered the King, and
 “ said, *Amen*: The Lord God of my Lord
 “ the King say so to. As the Lord hath
 “ been with my Lord the King, even so
 “ be he with *Solomon*, and make his Throne
 “ greater than the Throne of my Lord King
 “ *David*. So *Zadok* the Priest, and *Nathan*
 “ the Prophet, and *Benaiah* the Son of *Jehoi-*
 “ *ada*, and the *Cherethites*, and the *Pelethites*
 “ went down, and caused *Solomon* to ride
 “ upon King *David*'s Mule, and brought him
 “ to *Gihon*. And *Zadok* the Priest took an
 “ Horn of Oyl out of the Tabernacle, and
 “ anointed *Solomon*, and they blew the Trum-
 “ pet, and all the People said, God save
 “ King *Solomon*. And all the People came
 “ up after him, and the People Piped with
 “ Pipes, and rejoyced with exceeding
 “ great Joy, so that the Earth rent with
 “ the sound of them. And *Adonijah* and
 “ all the Guests that were with him, heard

“ it as they had made an end of Eating :
 “ And when *Joab* heard the Sound of the
 “ Trumpet, he said, Wherefore is this
 “ noise of the City, being in an uproar ?
 “ And while he yet spake, behold, *Jonathan*
 “ the Son of *Abiathar* the Priest came,
 “ and *Adonijah* said unto him, Come in,
 “ for thou art a Valiant Man, and bringest
 “ good Tidings. And *Jonathan* answered,
 “ and said to *Adonijah*, Verily our Lord
 “ King *David* hath made *Solomon* King.
 “ And the King hath sent with him, *Zadok*
 “ the Priest, and *Nathan* the Prophet, and
 “ *Benaiah* the Son of *Jehoiada*, and the
 “ *Cherethites*, and the *Pelethites*, and they
 “ have caused him to ride upon the King’s
 “ Mule. And *Zadok* the Priest, and *Nathan*
 “ the Prophet, have anointed him
 “ King in *Gihon* ; and they are come up
 “ from thence rejoycing, so that the City
 “ rang again : This is the noise that ye
 “ have heard : And also *Solomon* sitteth on
 “ the Throne of the Kingdom. And more-
 “ over, the King’s Servants came to bless
 “ our Lord King *David*, saying, God make
 “ the Name of *Solomon* greater than thy
 “ Name, and his Throne greater than thy
 “ Throne. And the King bowed himself
 “ upon the Bed. And also thus said the
 “ King, Blessed be the Lord God of *Israel*,
 “ which hath given one to sit on my Throne
 “ this

“ this Day, mine Eyes even seeing it. And
 “ all the Guest that were with *Adonijah*,
 “ were afraid, and rose up, and went e-
 “ very Man his way. And *Adonijah* feared
 “ because of *Solomon*, and arose, and went,
 “ and caught hold on the Horns of the
 “ Altar. And it was told *Solomon*, saying,
 “ Behold *Adonijah* feareth King *Solomon* ;
 “ for lo, he hath caught hold of the
 “ Horns of the Altar, saying, Let King
 “ *Solomon* swear unto me to day, that he
 “ will not slay his Servant with the Sword.
 “ And *Solomon* said, if he will shew himself
 “ a worthy Man, there shall not an Hair
 “ of him fall to the Earth : But if
 “ Wickedness shall be found in him, he
 “ shall Die. So King *Solomon* sent, and they
 “ brought him down from the Altar, and
 “ he came and bowed himself to King *So-*
 “ *lomon* ; and *Solomon* said unto him, Go
 “ to thine House.

Sir *Ind.* Foregad I was almost asleep
 with your long Scripture Story. But pray
 now to what purpose is it ? What Use do
 you make of it ?

True. 'Tis true, I might have given you
 the Story in fewer Words ; but I thought
 that the noble simplicity of the Narration
 wou'd please you, without any Considera-
 tion of its being Scripture. The Reason
 of my telling it was to show, that here is

the same Revolution effected, without any Villainous Characters, of which the *Step-mother* is full ; and it wou'd surprize one, that a Gentleman shou'd take his Fable from it, and Clog it with so many Absurdities, from which the Original Fact is entirely free.

Free. Nay, the Original Story wou'd have furnish'd nobler Occasions, for the Passions, Descriptions, Topics, Reflections, and Sentences ; tho' I am by no means of Opinion, that the Story, as it lies in the first of *Kings*, is at all Dramatic ; yet, since he has Translated the Scene from *Jerusalem* to *Persopolis*, he was so far Master of his Fable, as to make it truly Tragical ; but if that cou'd not be effected, it was not his Business to have meddl'd with it at all.

True. He has one (among many) very odd Expressions, *When Heroes knock their knotty Heads together* ; I can't imagine why a Hero's Head shou'd be essentially Knotty ; the Heroes of Antiquity were not so, neither the *Achilles* of *Homer*, nor the *Aneas* of *Virgil*, nor any of the Dramatic Heroes of *Sophocles* or *Euripides*, had any such Characters in those great and admirable Poets. *Those open and unsuspecting Fools*, *Mirza* says of *Memnon*, tho' the Poet afterwards shews him so suspicious of the Priest *Megas*, nay even of *Cleone*, that he cou'd give no Cause for this Imputation. *Free.*

Free. *Mirza* is indeed a Person of a peculiar Taste ; for a Cunning Man to own himself a Rogue to the Man he shou'd keep in Ignorance, and whom he was to work to his ends, argues little pretence to that Name; but he laughs at *Honesty*, and professes himself a Knave to one he wou'd have Honest to him.

True. *Rochfcaut* was a Man profoundly Skill'd in Human Nature, and he says, a Knave has not Matter enough to make an Honest Man of. But Mr. *Bays* supposes Nature more put to it to make a Rogue, or what is all one, will have it, That Greater Parts and Understanding are necessary to compose a Villain than an Honest Man, and that he that thinks must be a Knave.

Free. Nay, he seems very fond of Rogues, since he has, without any Occasion, made his Priest so too, Sanctifying his Dissembling with his Function. But the Statesmen, Priests and Courtiers, are sure of his Good Word, they are all of a Batch, *The Devil a Barrel the better Herring.*

True. The Queen's first Speech is Monstrous, out of Nature, out of Character, fond of her Adultery in a long calm Sililoquy ; nor do we know why she comes in, or why she goes out ; But that is a common Fault of our Modern Playwrights, especially of Mr. *Bays* the Younger.

Free. The concluding Lines of the first Act are extremely Boyish, when he tells his Mistress, That the Sun shou'd think her Eyes shou'd light the World in his Absence.

True. In the second Act, he talks of *Memnon's* having recourse to Arms, of which Power we have not the least Word in the first: All that we know is, that he returns from Banishment on a day of Jubilee, when all was Safe and Free. The Queen and *Artaxerxes* call Names very handsomly in the second Act, which is extremely agreeable to their high Station.

Free. *Artaxerxes* in the third Act, gives a very merry Solution to the Fears of *Amestris*, and tells her, that if she fears Parting, why let them take a Touch together presently; but she is indeed very whimsical to fear the future Falshood of *Artaxerxes*, when he shall be cloy'd with Fruition. But he swares he will Feague her off for it, and that, when a Bed she shall give him Satisfaction.

True. Right — and she is touch'd with this to the quick; for she tells him, asking Pardon of her Modesty, that she is ready, ay marry is the Buxom Jade, ready to dissolve, where she stands, with Pleasure. Oh the Luscious Rogue *Bays*.

Free.

Free. A noble Author to be encourag'd by the Ladies of Honour and Chastity. I can't yet have done with *Mirza's* Amour, he is a pleasant old Wag to attack a young Lady, who thinks that he has just Murder'd her Father and Husband as we have already observ'd ; but he is but a silly scurvy Politician, to think to win her by Words under this Prejudice, and not say, Madam, I have not kill'd your Father nor Husband, they are both Alive and Well, and so may continue if you will save their Lives by yielding to me ; if you will not, I will force you by the help of my Slaves, and then kill both you and one of them, and swear *Artaxerxes* did it, on finding you Naught with him ; this Stratagem won *Lucretia* to suffer *Tarquin*. If she had withstood this Trial, the Statesman had not appear'd so great a Coxcomb, as the Poet has now made him.

True. The very Scene of his struggling with her is Comedy, 'tis like *Volpone* in the Fox, with the Wife of *Corvino* ; it has nothing Tragical, but he seems fond of these Fantastic Scenes, he has repeated this in his *Fane Shore* betwixt her and *Hastings*, tho' at best it gives an ugly Image, not fit for the sight of Women of any tolerable Virtue.

Free. The Death of *Cleone*, is the only Scene that moves any thing but Laughter in the whole Play; and yet there is no manner of Reason, why she shou'd be so Unhappy; it is contrary to Poetic Justice, and the Rules of Providence, nor of any manner of Use to the Plot or Catastrophe. But *Cleone*, indeed, might have been left entirely out, without any Injury to the Fable, I mean what we must here call the Fable.

True. There is as little Reason, that *Amestris* or *Artaxerxes*, shou'd Die, both Sovereignly Virtuous, and yet Miserable.

Free. There is indeed nothing Tragical in this Play. The Punishments of *Mirza* and *Magas* give Satisfaction; The Deaths of *Cleone*, *Amestris* and *Artaxerxes*, provoke our Indignation, as having done nothing at all to deserve those Incredible Misfortunes; so that instead of *Fear* and *Pity*, the true aim of all Tragical Action, it moves only Horror and Satisfaction; and indeed every where endeavours to abolish the Notion of particular Providence, and so is Impious. As for *Memnon*, I know not what he has to do in the Play at all; and as for his Death, it might have seem'd a little qualified by the Murder of *Cleander*, had he not clear'd himself, and prov'd, that he kill'd him in his own Defence :

fence: Besides, this Fact was not in the Play, nor had any Relation to the Action. The Queen, the Cause of all the Mischief, is safe in the Guardianship of a Dutiful Son.

True. All the Unfortunate Characters are good, and the most Fortunate the worst of the bad, as for *Artaban*, he is for having the Crown that is not his due; but he is for Fighting for it, he wou'd take it by Force, not Fraud. He differs from his Mother, *Mirza*, &c. as a *Highwayman* does from a *Pickpocket*, both are Felons; *Artaban* is the *Highwayman*, and *Artemisa* the *Pickpocket*.

Free. In short, this Murdering so many, shows the Weakness of the Poet's Genius; the Dagger being at hand to help out every Bungler. And it farther justifies the Reproach thrown on our Country by *Rapin* and some others, That we *Insularies* are delighted with Blood in our Sports, and to our Shame; our Tragic Poets every day confirm it; but none more, than your worthy Friend Mr. *Bays*.

Sir Ind. Well, I hope we may have a little Cessation now, and send a Glass about to Good Nature, for you have been sufficiently severe on this Piece of Honest *Bays*.

Free. I hope with Truth and Justice — for where we have said one thing, the Play, under Consideration, afforded Matter

for Twenty ; but to avoid Tediousness, we have but touch'd upon it. We have said nothing of his Language ———

Sir *Ind.* Nay, sure you'll allow him that? for that Quality alone supports his Credit with the Town.

Free. I must needs say that I do not like his Language — he is every where *Loquax*, but no where *Facundus*.

Sir *Ind.* Well, Jo. Freeman, here's Mr. Bays's Health.

Free. With all my Heart, may his better Stars provide for him so well, that he may not be under any necessity of exposing his own want of Understanding in the Art he pretends to ; nor the Town for being so often bit with his Commodities. I have no Hatred to the Man, I only am an Enemy to his Poetic Capacity, and I may say to him, what *Martial* said to *Cerdo* :

*Irasci nostro non debes Cerdo Libello
Ars tua non Vita est Carmine laesa meo.* Mart.

True. Well, Sir *Indolent*, we will not be so long on any of his other Plays ; but this being his first, and that, on which he built all his after Authority, we cou'd not say less than we have, injustice to the Art. Come, Sir *Indolent*, here is Mr. Bays's Health and Prosperity.

Sawny

*Sawny Dapper opens the Door and comes in
without any Ceremony.*

Dap. Ha! my dear Sir *Indolent*; yours;
ha! my good Friend *Jo. Freeman* yours;
and you, Sir, I am your most Humble
Obsequious Servant: What Wine are you
Drinking? *French* I hope, or I can't Taste
one Drop; I hope the *Bill of Commerce*
will pass, that we may have it Cheaper--I
am indeed an Enemy to the *Portugal* Trade,
merely because I don't like their Wines.

The End of the first Act.

A C T.

A C T. II.

S C E N E *the same Room.*

Sir *Indolent Easy*, *Joseph Freeman*, *Dick True-wit*, and *Sawny Dapper*.

Dap. WELL, I protest, I think 'tis a
Glas of excellent Wine. Well,
and how and how, and what were you
upon my dear Knight? on *Wit*, *Politics*, or
Religion?

Sir *Ind.* Oh! for *Politics* and *Religion*, I
leave them to the Statesmen and the Clergy;
for they thrive so ill in their Hands, that
I am afraid they wou'd be quite lost in ours.

Dap. I protest Pithy and Satiric enough
Sir *Indolent*; well, then I find you have been
upon *Wit*, as indeed what cou'd you have
been on within the Air of *Covent-Garden*,
besides *Wit*?

Free. But Mr. *Dapper* we were upon *Pog-*
try.

Dap. Better still, I love *Poetry* with all
my Heart. Why, Sir, I am a small Dab-
ler in *Helicon* my self. [To *True-wit*.]

True. Doubtless, Sir, a great Proficient
in the Art.

Dap.

Dap. Why faith I think so ; yet I believe I may say, thanks to my own Industry, and my good Friends Applause, that I am got into the Front part of the Sons of *Parnassus*, and therefore I am sorry I mist your Discourse of *Poetry*.

Free. But dear *Sawny*, it was Criticizing upon *Poetry*, which you, Gentlemen, that now entertain the Town in that way, are mortal Enemies to.

Dap. I must needs say that, if I had not written on *Criticism* my self I shou'd not say much in its Praise ; but I thought to do in my Progress to Poetry, as Mr. *Bays* the Elder did with his Prologues. I appear'd first in the Character of a *Critic in Terrorem* to the Reigning Wits of the Time, that they shou'd the more easily admit me into their Number : But then for their Encouragement, I writ in Rhime, and faith, to say Truth, as to Matter, not so far above them, as to make them fear that I shou'd not fall down to their Level.

True. I find, Sir, then, that there is a great deal of Art, as well as good Fortune, in attaining to the Honour of a *Wit*, or Poetic Author.

Dap. Oh ! Sir, the greatest Art in the World ; for, Sir, if you trust to mere Merit, you'll never be taken Notice of by the Town.

True.

True. I find then, Sir, that Merit is no more the way to Preferment in the Present State of *Parnassus*, than at Court ; Interest with the Powerful, in both, supplies all manner of Defects.

Dap. True, Sir, pray to confirm this, give me leave to tell you how I came to this Authority which I now profess.

True. Strangely Ridiculous [*Aside*] — By all means, Sir, pray proceed, you will infinitely oblige me, and I believe, *Free-man*, and Sir *Indolent* ; I am a Country Gentleman, and it will be all Novelty to me.

Dap. Novelty, Sir ; why then, Sir, it is *Wit*, and therefore must please every polite Person. *Novelty*, Sir, is *Wit* ; for *Wit* at best without *Novelty*, will signify nothing in this Town.

Sir *Ind.* Prithee *Sawny* how does *Ned Doggrel* and Dr. *Scandal* do ? 'Foregad they are very Facetious, Pretty Fellows ; nay, the Doctor is a good *Scholar*. Prithee *Sawny* bring them to dine with me some day.

Dap. *Ned Doggrel* and Dr. *Scandal* ! Why Sir *Indolent*, I wou'd have you to know I keep no such Company ; the mere *Canaille* of Writers, who never were at *Button's* or *Will's*, or kept Company with a Gentleman of the *Covent-Garden Air*.

Free.

Free. Aside } Sir *Indolent* has ingeniously
 to True-wit. } diverted the Fool from ex-
 posing himself, and he is not
 sensible of the Design.

Sir *Ind.* 'Foregad *Sawny*, I think they write very pretty Verses, as good as any of our present Authors, I mean in their way *Sawny*.

Dap. Ay, they may write, and write their Eyes out, before they arrive to my Reputation or my Conversation; they have not the Address of raising themselves by Art.

Free. Faith *Sawny*, I wou'd have thee set up to teach the Art of raising a Name by Poetry, without any.

Dap. As much a Jest as you mean that now *Jo*, it is in Fact, and I know not but it might be a good Project, and what I wou'd undertake, did not the Greek Poets lie on my hands now for a Translation.

Sir *Ind.* 'Foregad *Sawny*, I did not know that you understood *Greek*; nay, I must needs say, thou art a pretty Industrious Young Fellow.

Dap. Why, Sir *Indolent*, if I did not understand *Greek*, what of that; I hope a Man may Translate a *Greek* Author without understanding *Greek*; What d'ye think of *Josephus*, *Polybius*, and many more, whose Translators never cou'd read *Greek*? Ah!

Sir

Sir *Indolent*, you don't know half the Arts of getting a Reputation in this Town for *Learning* and *Poetry*.

Free. I find you are an Experienc'd Man this way Mr. *Dapper*, pray proceed in your Account, it must be surprizing.

Dap. Why, Sir, you must know for getting a Reputation for *Poetry*, there are some Qualifications absolutely necessary, as a happy knack at Rhime, and a flowing Versification ; but that is so common now that very few do want it ; then you must chuse some odd out of the way Subject, some Trifle or other that wou'd surprize the Common Reader that any thing cou'd be written upon it, as a *Fan*, a *Lock of Hair*, or the like.

True. As the *Lutrin* of *Boileau*, or the *Dispensary* of Dr. *Garth* I suppose.

Dap. Ah, Sir, that won't do; *Boileau* and *Garth* have treated of little things with Magnificence of Verse, as *Homer* did of the Frogs ; but that is now Old, we must have something New ; Heroic Doggrel is but lately found out, where the Verse and the Subject agree, as,

— My Lord, why what the Devil ?
Zounds, Damn the Lock, 'foregad you must be
Civil ;
Plague on't 'tis past a Jest ; nay prithee, Pox
Give her the Hair ————— IF

If a Man wou'd distinguish himself, it must be by something New and Particular. *Boileau* and *Garth* had arriv'd to so much Fame and Reputation in the former way, that there was no coming after them in the same Track ; we therefore found out the *Heroic-Comical* way of Writing, that no Man ever thought of before.

True. That I dare swear. True, we have heard of *Tragi-Comical*, a very preposterous and unnatural Mixture, and now I think pretty well exploded ; but for this *Heroic-Comical*, I confess it is new and more odd than the other.

Dap. Ay, Sir, and that makes it do. But, Sir, that is not enough, besides the newness of the Verse, you must have a new manner of Address ; you must make the Ladies speak Bawdy, no matter whether they are Women of Honour or not ; and then you must dedicate your Poem to the Ladies themselves. Thus a Friend of mine has lately, with admirable Address, made *Arabella F — m — r* prefer the Locks of her Poll, to her Locks of another more sacred and secret Part.

*Oh ! hadst thou Cruel ! been content to seize
Hairs less in Sight — or any Hairs but these.*

But

But this is likewise a Complement to those Parts of the Lady, to let the World know that the Lady had *Hairs* elsewhere, which she valu'd less.

*Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal Fight to try,
Who fought no more than on his Foe to Die.*

Admirable Good again, you know what Dying is on a fair Lady Sir *Indolent*, prettily express'd, I vow, *than on his Foe to Die*. But then, Sir, the *Machinary* of this Poem is admirably contriv'd to convey a luscious Hint to the Ladies, by letting them know, that their Nocturnal Pollutions are a Reward of their Chastity, and that when they Dream of the Raptures of Love, they are immortalizing a *Silph* as that Ingenious and Facetious Author sweetly intimates in his Epistle Dedicatory, as the Book of the *Count de Gabalis* recommended explains it.

True. I have seen that most Ingenious Piece, in which I find somewhat extraordinary in the Contrivance of the Author. He Publish'd his Poem first without his *Machinary*, and afterwards with it, this is an extraordinary Method indeed. Now the Poets of Antiquity, founded their Poems on their *Machinary*; but I find it is the new way of Writing to invent the *Machinary*, after the Poem is not only Written but Publish'd.

Dap.

Dap. Alack a day, Sir, I find you are a perfect Country Gentleman indeed, to think that we new Authors care one Farthing for what the old Authors did ; no, no, Sir, we know better things, we know how to purchase Fame cheaper.

Free. Why prithee *Dick*, every Age improves, why else does the World grow Older ?

Dap. Improve, ay marry does it, nor ever were the Arts of getting a Name arriv'd to greater Perfection ; why, Sir, I was fain to write a Copy of Verses in my own Praise, for none knew my Merit better than my self ; then I put the Name of a Celebrated Old Author to it, but the Devil of it was, tho' that Author was of an Establish'd Reputation for *Wit*, yet he was remarkable for an ill Versification, so that my Stile discover'd me ; and indeed, when I heard them prais'd, I cou'd not help owning to my Friends, that I writ them my self.

True. Why, faith Mr. *Dapper*, that's a new way indeed, and not very difficult ; a Man might soon get Fame, if writing a Copy of Verses in his own Praise wou'd do it.

Dap. Phoo, Sir, that was but one step in my Advancement. You must know that there are two Parties of *WITS*, and two or three Men at the Head of them. Now I
first

first fixt my self on the good Nature and easy Temper (by my Application) of the Men of real Merit, they cry'd me up, recommended me to the Town, and the Town took their Words, and so I set up for my self; for you must know, they can't so easily destroy a Man's Reputation, as make it; then I gave my Approbation of the Works of the Heads of the other Party, that is of those who have Vogue and no Merit; by this means I gain'd all their Friends, and bring those I approve, to a sort of Dependance upon me.

True. I protest, Sir, you are a great Politician, I know not but you may make a Minister of State in time, if ever the Pretender shou'd come, by your Candour and Penetration.

Dap. Whoo! Pox you don't know me yet. Why t'other day I was desir'd to read over *Jane Shore*, and what do you think I writ upon it when I had done?

True. Faith I can't tell — unless that it was the most Stupid Piece that ever was Written.

Dap. Oh! gad, Sir, directly the contrary — I writ down on the Copy, *This is the best Play that has been Written since Euripides.*

Free. Did you believe what you writ?

Dap. Egad, I can't say that in strict Truth I did, tho' *Consideratis Considerandis*,

I don't know but there might be something in it ; but be that as it will I had my end in it, I complemented the Author, and his Vanity receiv'd it as Sterling Praise, without the least Allay of Flattery ; besides, if it had been exactly true, I had not done it, for then it had been my Business to have cry'd it down ; but the less real Merit it had, the more service I did him, and so the better maintain'd my Authority in the Disposal of Fame.

True. Is this one of our Modern Methods too ?

Dap. Oh yes, Sir, ever while you live, the less Merit an Author has that applies for our Commendation, the more we think our selves oblig'd to cry him up ; for that multiplies the Votes against the *Critics*, who wou'd tear us all to Pieces if they cou'd. But telling Noses is now the Standard of Wit, and the most Voices carry it, as in the Members of Parliament. Not but that we have sometimes our Committees of Election too, that can make Three a greater number than Thirteen ; that is when our Occasions require it.

True. But *Sawny*, thou cou'dst never have pick'd out such another Poet as *Euripides*, to mention with the Author of *Jane Shore* ; the first is a Master of the Fable, Manners, Sentiments and Diction ; we see Nature
and

and Art go Hand in Hand thro' all he Writes; neither of which were ever the least known to the latter.

Dap. Whoo! a mere Baggatelle with us, Sir. But Sir *Indolent* is fast asleep — Sir *Indolent*, Sir *Indolent*, come, here's a Health to the Lock least in fight.

Sir *Ind.* 'Foregad *Sawny* thou hast talk'd me asleep — But come the 'foresaid Health, and the bright Poets that sung it.

Dap. Egad, he is a bright young Fellow; you shall see a Play of his next Winter, that will Pit, Box, and Gallery it with a Witness. You must know, Sir, that the Name of *Jane* is now grown very Dramatic, and he's Writing a Play of the Lady *Jane Grey*. The Protestant Poet writes a Play on a Popish Whore, and the Popish Poet is to write one on the Protestant Queen.

Sir *Ind.* Of the Protestant Pretender you mean *Sawny*; but I suppose he concludes in Sacrificing her to the Popish Queen.

Dap. Nay, I heard a Bird sing, that Mr. *Bays* himself, wou'd give him a lifting hand, or at least a Commendatory Copy of Verses.

True. I wou'd have you advise your Friend to consider, the Writing of a Play is not like Writing a Pastoral, or a loose Copy of Verses.

But

*But to write Plays ; why 'tis a bold Pretence,
To Judgment, Breeding, Wit and Eloquence.*

And as for Mr. *Bays*, he does not know so much as what a Tragedy is.

Dap. Oh Lord ! Sir, not Mr. *Bays* know what a Tragedy is, why, Sir, he has written five or six.

True. He has indeed written so many Things that he calls Tragedies, but not one true Poem of that sort. You remember, Sir *Indolent*, that we have shewn the *Step-mother* to have no one Quality of a *Tragedy*, give us leave to run over the rest, and prove our Assertion.

Sir *Ind.* 'Foregad, Gentlemen, I had rather talk of Politicks or Religion, than hear an Honest Gentleman's Successful Works thus taken to Pieces.

Free. Nay, Sir *Indolent*, you are in now, and must go thro' with the Operation, interrupted by the coming in of your Friend Mr. *Dapper*.

Sir *Ind.* Well, Gentlemen, you have me in your Power ; but I beg you wou'd use me mercifully. *Sawny*, 'foregad give me some Snuff.

Free. The *Ambitious Step-mother* first got Mr. *Bays* a Name, and *Tamerlane* fixt his Reputation ; we have seen what the former was,

was, let us now consider the latter. I remember that his Prologue takes care to inform us, that as *Virgil* sung *Aeneas*, so he designs to sing *Tamerlane*, tho' of much unequal Fame.

True. That is, he writing a Dramatic Poem, imitates *Virgil* who writ an Epic one, extremely Judicious I profess. Now I have been such a Sot to imagine, that there was a very material difference between the *Epic* and *Dramatic* Poems. *Aristotle* and all the Critics had misled me, but Mr. *Bays* has rectified my Judgment.

Free. In this indeed, Mr. *Bays*, has a great Number of our Moderns, who have sinn'd with him. For it is but an Error too common in our Modern Tragic Poets, to propose some one great Character or Hero of the Poem, to Celebrate and Aggrandize above Humanity. On the contrary, the Antients propos'd a Moral, and regarded the chief Character or Hero, no farther than the giving such Qualities and Frailties to him, as were necessary to produce that *Moral*. This Conduct was of some Use and Instruction. Our Poets only raise a great and accomplish'd Character beyond Imitation, and to a degree more than Romantic; quite out of the way of practice of the World. But the Ancient Dramatic Poets exhibited this useful Lesson, — That
by

by a too criminal and weak Compliance with the Impulse of violent Passions, we become unhappy, and that therefore we ought to have a watchful guard over our Passions in their Rise, that they may not by their Power in their full growth, make us their Slaves and Miserable. This is an End an Aim that reaches all Mankind ; but the Modern Practice of little or no Use, or Concern at all. And indeed, this makes *Tragedy* the Imitation of a Man, which is establish'd by the Founders of the Art, as an Imitation of an Action that is Great and Grave, and so loses the most Important Consideration in a Trifle.

Sir *Ind.* I do allow your Reason just *Jo. Freeman*, and I do likewise allow that *Tamerlane* is of this number ; yet 'foregad it was written with an Honest and True *English* Design, I mean, to pay a grateful Complement to *K. William*, who, I must still think, deserv'd the Gratitude of every *Englishman*, Poet, Divine, Tradesman, Gentleman and Vulgar ; for every Degree receiv'd a Benefit from his coming into *England* ; tho' 'foregad, I think the Divines, who were the most immediately oblig'd to him, are the most averse to his Memory, I mean for the Generality, who ridicule the Revolution ; tho' had it not been for the Revolution, they had had no Livings at all before

D

this

this Time, unless they had qualified themselves by quitting their Wives, and taking the Mark of the Scarlet Whore on their Foreheads.

Free. Why, Sir *Indolent*, you are warm, I thought nothing cou'd have ruffled your even Temper; I am glad to find you a Man, and that you have Passions, but they can never be more justifiable than on such an Occasion.

True. Sir *Indolent*, I am sensible that the Notion that this Play was a Complement to the King, did the Poet's Business; but I am as sure, that King *William* deserv'd a much more Noble and Heroic Character than is given here to *Tamerlane*; he appears like a General and a King, but acts like a Country School-master, or at most as an *Epictetus*, a mere Speculative Philosopher.

Dap. 'Egad, what Company am I fallen into? *Critics*, mere *Critics*, that are for Rules, and Reasons, and Art, and the Lord knows what, which we have nothing to do with; at this rate, I shall not be allow'd a Poet my self. 'Egad I'll steal off, and fetch Mr. *Bays* from the House, to plead his own Cause.

[*Aside.*

[*Dapper steals away.*

Free. Nay, 'tis very Observable, that the Part of *Tamerlane* may be taken out, and the

the Play remain as good as with it. He is indeed, as one has said, a fauntring talking Hero, that does nothing, and is nothing.

True. As for that, you may take away *Moneses* and *Arpasia* too, and never make the Play worse than it is, but better ; for here are two very Unfortunate Characters, that do by no means deserve to be so, as being entirely Innocent, perfectly Virtuous.

Free. *Bajazet* is all along a sort of a Mad Man, and seems to have been brought up at *Billingsgate*, for the *Dogs*, and the like Names which he calls all about him. There is a Play written on this Subject by one Mr. *Saunders*, a young Gentleman about Nineteen, before which is a Prologue by Mr. *Dryden*, which is infinitely more in Nature, and more Pathetic; there the Scene between *Bajazet* and *Tamerlane* comes more within the compass of Humane Nature. But as this is the worst of all those which have been written on this *Tartar* Conqueror, so has it been the most Successful.

True. But Sir *Indolent*, the Complements paid by Tragedy have been in another manner among the Antients, not in the Character of the Hero, as in the *Oedipus Celo-nus* of *Sophocles*, and the *Ion* of *Euripides*, without destroying the Nature of the Drama.

True. Then what an impossible Incident is that Conspiracy of *Omar* and the *Deroise* in the midst of a Camp, and in the Prisoners Apartment, where even the General of *Tamerlane's* Army is sav'd from Death, only by escaping in a Disguise.

Free. I appeal to you Sir *Indolent*, is there any one Scene, any one Speech, any one Line, that moves you thro' the whole Play? and here, as well as in the former of the *Stepmother*, neither Pity nor Fear are touch'd. We are satisfied with the Punishment of the Offenders, and angry at the Sufferings of *Moneses* and *Arpasia*, that is, supposing that we are at all invested in any of the Events; for I confess I am not, for what is out of Nature, never touches me at all.

Sir *Ind.* Nay, for my part, I am no Judge of these Affairs, I go no further than the Diction, and that I think the Poet has perform'd to a Miracle.

Free. I am sorry, Sir *Indolent*, that I cannot go so far as you, ev'n in that; the Author has endeavour'd to imitate *Milton's* stile in his *Paradise Lost*, which is admirable in the *Epic*, but not at all agreeable to the *Dramatic Poem*: And therefore *Milton* himself Writes quite in another Manner in his *Sampson Agonistes*.

Sir *Ind.* Well, foregad Gentlemen, I wish you had done this ill-natur'd Work; for
I'm

I'm quite tir'd with it, 'tis quite out of my way : I am not Supervisor of the Stage, and therefore the convincing me will be of no manner of Benefit to the *Drama*. If I can serve any Gentleman, that is so unfortunate to Write, I will.

True. But, Sir, it is to bring you to Justice to those very few that have or may Write well; that you may not favour Pretenders, who gather Assurance from your Smiles, because they know you to be a Man of establish'd Merit.

Free. Well, Sir *Indolent*, to please you we will say no more of *Tamerlane*, even for the lame Complement intended by it to our glorious Monarch : Tho' it wou'd be a very easy matter to prove, that there scarce ever was a worse Play, except the *Royal Convert* of the same Author.

True. Nay, now I must joyn with Sir *Indolent*, to desire you to pass that over, with the *Biter*; for I do not remember so much as one Scene through the whole.

Free. I do confess these Plays are below Criticism, they are fenc'd round with Stupidity, and dispencc such a Dullness all around, that it wou'd be impossible to go through with them and keep awake.

True. The only Criticism they deserve, is a Sponge dipt in Ink.

Free. Well, Sir *Indolent*, giving but a Word or two on *Ulysses*, and the *Fair Penitent*, we will, with as few on *Jane Shore*, dismiss you in Peace.

True. I shall be the more tender of *Ulysses*, because it is by much the best of his, and has a sort of a Face of Tragedy. The Poet indeed has left it without any Moral; he has made *Semantke* unfortunate without any demerit. He has taken all *Ithaca* for his Scene, which, by as good a Reason, might have been extended to all *Greece*, and so to all *Europe*, nay, indeed, to the whole Earth. He has introduc'd I know not how many Kings with the Manners of Scoundrels or Porters; he has been fond, admiring *Penelope's* Beauty at Forty odd. He has made *Ulysses* put *Penelope* to an unnecessary and unjust Tryal, not at all conducive to the Plot, nor agreeable to the Wisdom, or Gratitude of his Hero. But these, and a great many more Absurdities of the Design, Conduct, and indeed of the Sentiments and Diction, I will sacrifice to your good Nature; and to the weak Appearance of a Tragedy, which he has in no other of his Performances.

Sir *Ind.* They say 'tis an easie thing to find fault; 'foregad I think it is the hardest thing in Nature; I am sure I should have read and seen *Ulysses*, an hundred Times, before

I cou'd have discover'd the third part of the Faults you have produc'd ; and yet you wou'd persuade me that you are silent as to the Rest, in Complaisance to me, and the uncommon Merit of the Play.

True. Why, Sir *Indolent*, to satisfy you that I had made a Considerable Sacrifice to you in this, I will give you the Faults of *Ulysses* more at length ; nor abridge you of their Number.

Sir *Ind.* Nay, Sir, 'foregad I'd rather thank you for your Complement, than stand the Tryal of the Reality. I pray proceed.

Free. The *FAIR PENITENT* was built on a much better Play of *Massinger's*, call'd the *Fatal Dowry*. The Poets are equally guilty of making their Heroine a *Whore* ; but the latter Poet has made her more unpardonable and obstinate, and still less worthy of Pity. *Charolois* in *Massinger* resents the Incontinence and Injury to his Bed like a Man of Honour ; yet will not punish her till her Father had heard the Cause, and decided it against her ; and when the Father's Justice had Condemn'd her, the Husband strikes the Dagger into her Bosome : This makes Nature return to her Father, and his Grief for the untimely loss of his only Child, produces a very noble, and natural Scene. But in *Mr. Bays*, the Husband is a true tame Cuckold, tho'

an *Italian*, and is for forgetting all that's past. But the Father is implacable, and will admit of no Compensation; in spite of all the Pleas of Nature, and even the Husband's Indolence in desiring to sit down contented with her as she is: If she had been a Maid it had been better; but since it was, as 'twas, why good Man he would take up with her as he had, *for better or for worse.*

True. To say no more of this *Italian* NIKY, we will only read you a Prologue design'd for this Play, by a Gentleman, who by writing it only on an hearsay Account of the Tragedy, was mistaken in two or three things, but such as common sense wou'd excuse him in. As that the Husband stab'd her, as who cou'd have expected less from an *Italian Cornudo*?

A Prologue sent to Mr. Bays, to his new Play call'd the Fair Penitent; design'd to be spoken by Mr. Betterton, but refus'd.

Eft & in obfcenos deflexa Tragedia Rifus.

QUacks set out Bills, Jack-Pudding makes
(Harangues,
And Thief at Tiburn speaks before he hangs.
I pray you then give Ear to what I say,
For this to me is Execution Day.

The

The Stage is Tiburn ; Boxes, Gallery, Pit,
Where you our Judges, and our Hangmen sit,
Of Nonsense tender, but severe to Wit. }

To Day we fear you not, we've hit your Taste,
And when that's pleas'd we cannot sure be Cast.

Meanly contented with the vulgar Way,
Some make the Heroine Virtuous in a Play:

But the bold Tragic Genius of our Stage,
With Novelty resolves t'oblige the Age,
And with an Heroine PUNK, the Ladie: }
(will engage.) }

He from the SOC the Prostitute transplants,
And swells the humble WHORE with buskin'd
(Rants.

His Whore indeed repents the slippery Fault,
But, like the Rest, it is not till she is caught.
She is not sorry that she has play'd the Whore,
But that, discover'd, she can do't no more.
Thus while his PUNK in Buskins boldly ramps,
*Like * Bajazet, his HERO CUCKOLD stares*
(and stamps.

He with no Laurel Wreaths his Brow adorns,
But while those vulgar Ornaments he scorns,
Above his Brethren he exalts his Horns. }
Confederate Cuckolds then come Clap this Play,
Our Lucky Bard to you devotes this Day.
No Doodle, Dashwood, Wiseacre is here ;
Nor any of the puny Race, that us'd to appear ;

* This was a mistake, for the Hero Cuckold is very tame.

The CUCKOLD now assumes an haughtier

* With Brandish'd Dagger stabs the yielding
(Air, }
(Fair, }

So little Womans Frailty is his Care.

Ye horned Herd from Wapping to White-
(Hall, }

Approach in Tryumph, he invites you all;
So strong a Party made, he need not fear his Fall. S

Some envious Critic here perhaps exclaims,
If you shou'd punish thus the City Dames ;
You'd make a Desolation in the Land,
And Barrs, and Counters wou'd unfurnish'd stand.
But, Ladies, you with Ease, that Fear remove, }
If you use Caution in the Thefts of Love ; }
Since only she, that's caught, this Punishment }
(will prove. }

Danger adds Fuel to the amorous Fire,
And Difficulties only raise Desire.

Besides—past Merits you shou'd not despise, }
When † Solomon, and || William in Disguise, }
From his lov'd Pen regal'd your Ears, and Eyes. }
What tho' nor Art, nor Nature there were found;
He scorns by Art or Nature to be-bound.
Let others toil beneath the Load of Thought,
Of what is just, what natural, what not ;

* Another mistake from the nature of an Italian Husband, who was very likely to do so.

† Arabian.

|| Tamerlane.

They'r

They're dull mechanick Things below Regard,
 From such a bold, and such a lucky Bard.
 Uncumber'd with those Fetters, still he'll write,
 Whilst Ignorance assures his hoodwink'd Flight.
 He fears no Danger, for he none foresees;
 In happy Ignorance secure to please,
 Without those forreign Aids, th' indulgent Town,
 With Heroes and with Language, All his own.
 The Hooded Falcon so, in haste let fly,
 Tours swift aloft undaunted to the Sky
 With upright Wing, till lost to human Eye.

From Thrones he sauntring, talking HE-
 (ROES chose,
 But for an active HEROINE now rakes the
 (Stems;
 And whence he'll fetch the next — he on-
 (ly knows.

Yet * CRESSWEL sure of infamous Renown,
 Or some more Antique Matron of this Town,
 May reasonably next invoke his Pen
 To do her Justice in his LOFTY SCENE.

Nor can she sure his LOFTY SCENE disgrace
 Since BAWD, in Breeding, still of WHORE
 (takes Place.

For B A W D's arriv'd to the grave Doctor's
 (state,
 While WHORE is but an Undergraduate.

* An Eminent vulgar Bawd, of about Thirty years ago.

BAWDS maudlin Tone from penitential Cart
 (Like Thespis founder of the Tragick Art) }
 Must have the Force to move each amorous
 (Heart. }

But what is it that Poets cannot do?
 Caress'd by US, and so extoll'd by YOU?
 Per courage Merit nobly you disdain,
 It is pedantic, and below your Vein, }
 And faith to tell the Truth, we love our Gain. }
 As with the Saints, so 'tis, we find, with you; }
 For here alas! th' ELECT are very Few, }
 And those without your Reason, by your Will }
 (sav'd too. }

The less of proper Merit they can boast,
 The more secure they are from being lost.

While Farce and Bombast best can please the
 (Age,

We'll Cook no other Dishes for the Stage.
 When to your Smiles just Poets you admit,
 And flock in shoals to Nature and to Wit,
 All Poetasters then we will discard,
 And here encourage only the true Bard.

For sure in us it must seem Impudence
 To cherish Merit, and to play good Sense, }
 When from your Taste we hope for all our
 (Pence. }

Sir Ind. Malicious enough 'foregad —
 but what signifies all this, you find the
 Play pleas'd, and the Satire is forgotten.

Free. The Play was forgot till its second Part of *Jane Shore* reviv'd it with a second Edition. But I will say no more of this Play, but what may justly be said of all those with which this Author has yet visited the Town ——— That Nature, Character, and Design, are wholly unknown to him; that a sort of sonorous numerous Verse, very empty of Sense and Poetry, is what has rais'd him a Name, and that the justest Criticism on this and others, wou'd be once more, a Sponge dip'd in Ink.

Re-enter Dapper.

Dap. Well, Gentlemen, have you yet got over *Criticism*? I protest 'tis the most ungenteel thing in the World, Men of Polite Parts never mind it, or indeed know any thing of it, only Poets who have written without Success, and those who never durst write at all, make a Pother with it against the Taste of the Town, and the Favours it bestows on us its brighter Spirits, who know how to please it.

Sir Ind. Dear *Sawny* here's a Bumper, (which I do not use to drink) here's Honest Mr. *Bays's* Health, I wish he were here to plead his own Cause.

Dap. I'll pledge you *Sir Indolent*, he's only giving the Players an Account of a new Play that he's about, and he'll kiss your Hands;

Hands ; I told him you were here, and he longs to repeat some Lines of his to you, you are a Candid Judge.

True. I shou'd be glad to see the Man ; is he made like other Men ? For I am sure he thinks like no Man alive but himself.

Dap. Ah ! Sir, you talk like a Country Gentleman, Sir, the whole Town thinks like him Sir, and all the Wits of the Town Sir that have any Name think like him, Sir, ———

True. Why faith Mr. *Dapper*, if all the Town thinks like him, it is a very Senseless Town ; and your *Wits* ought to be sent to improve and learn Nature in *Lapland*, for their Songs to their *Rein-deer*, have much more of *Poetry* and *Nature*, than any thing I have seen of this great Author's ; but here's his Health, Sir.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir *Indolent Easy*, Mr. *Bays* is in a Box below, and desires to speak a Word or two with you.

Sir *Ind.* Desire him to walk up.

Draw. Sir, he desires you wou'd step down to him.

Sir *Ind.* Well, I'll wait on him.

[*Exeunt Drawer and Sir Indolent.*]

The End of the Second Act.

ACT.

A C T. III.

Sawny Dapper, Freeman, and True-wit.

Dap. **M**R. *Freeman*, I protest I have a great esteem for you, and I wish you wou'd abate of that Ill-nature you have shown against Mr. *Bays*, and the taking Poets ; for you must know that we all take it for Envy.

Free. I am not at all concern'd, what you Gentlemen Writers think of my Good or Ill Nature; but Truth and Art, are what I value before all Men, when they are the Subject of my Discourse, and I shall never sacrifice them to the Success of any Coxcomb in Vogue.

Dap. Why, Sir, you may be a *Critic* still, and not disoblige the Town by condemning what it likes.

Free. As how, Mr. *Dapper* ?

Dap. Why I am a *Critic* my self — but then I write always in Praise of what is cry'd up by the Town ; by that I oblige the Authors, and get the Reputation of a well natur'd Fellow, free from Envy, Malice, and the like. Have you not seen a *Review of Jane Shore* ?

Free. Yes marry have I, Sir; but what of that, honest well-natur'd *Sawny* ?

Dap.

Dap. Why, I my self writ that gentle Piece of Criticism; and I think I have there shown, that I understand Art as well as the severest of you all.

Free. Did you write that wonderful Piece Mr. *Dapper*? I protest I thought that the Bookseller had written it himself.

Dap. Oh! no, Sir, the Bookseller, ha! ha! ha! not but Mr. *Lintot* is a very Ingenious Person, and I hope by his Printing Mine and Mr. *Bays's* Works, to make him a formidable Rival to *Jacob Tonson*; 'tis true Mr. *Lintot* did give me some Hints, but as to the Writing it was all my own.

Free. But *Sawny*, how came you, a Scholar, not to know the difference between a *Tragedian* and a *Tragic Poet*, for you call Mr. *Bays* very often a *Tragedian*.

Dap. Hum! 'Egad a *Tragedian*! why a *Tragedian* or *Tragic Poet*? it is all one in the *Greek*.

True. No faith, Sir, neither in *Greek* or *Latin*, nor any other Language that I know of.

Dap. Phoo! that's but a Trifle, a *lapsus Calami*, a little oversight that we Authors don't much regard; but, Sir, as to the Reasons, the Arguments, and the Discoveries of such Beauties of the Poet, these show the Genius of a true Critic, and I hope I have discharg'd that part like a Man of Taste.

Free.

Free. Why faith *Sawny*, if thou can'st hear Truth, I cannot discover even that ; I mean, I cannot find that thou hast either defended thy Author like a Man of Art, or discover'd one Beauty in him.

True. Nay, don't blame Mr. *Dapper*, for the last, for he must be more than a Critic, that can discover Beauties where there are none ; and if he has defended him ill, it was because the Author was not capable of a good Defence ; it has not been Mr. *Dapper's* Fault in my Opinion.

Dap. 'Egad, Sir, you are a very Civil Person, and I am your very Humble Servant — Faith I said all I cou'd for him, and I hope some things that will bear the Test.

Free. I shou'd be glad to hear them honest *Sawny* for thy sake, As how ?

Dap. Why first, I shew that the Characters are Tragical, and then that the Play carries a Moral Instruction ; nay, I do pretend to assert, that the Poet's Conduct is of a piece thro' the whole *Drama*.

True. In that you are certainly in the Right, for the Poet's Conduct thro' the whole, must by all Men, that have seen or read the Play, be own'd to be of a piece, that is, every where Faulty ; the chief Character, which is *Jane Shore*, is no Tragical Character.

Dap.

Dap. How, Sir, not Tragical! Why, Sir, the Foundation of many Ancient Tragedies, is plac'd upon Rapes, Murders, Incests, Parricides, and such Crimes, which give a shocking Idea to the Soul; and their Punishment cannot be said to have so proper an Influence on the Audience, because the Vices are in themselves so Enormous and Remote from common Practice, that the Moral cannot reach home to the Conscience of the Hearer.

Free. Honest *Savvy*, thou art out in every Particular; for there is not one Play of the Antients that is extant, and mention'd in Authors of those Ages, which is built on any such Foundation.

True. A Whore profess'd, is no Tragic Character, *Incontinency* in Woman being on the same Level with *Cowardice* in Man; and Mr. *Bays* might as well have brought a Coward for his Hero, as a Whore for his Heroine.

Dap. What do you think of the *Phadra* of the Antients, if she was not an Incestuous Whore it was none of her Fault, she was willing tho' *Hyppolitus* was not.

Free. That indeed is the most questionable Character that way among the Antients. Yet is this perfectly clear from being a Whore, and Adulteress by choice. *Phadra* has all the Reluctance of a Woman of Honour

Honour to the Crime, and struggles with it to the utmost, even almost to Death; this Criminal Passion was a Punishment inflicted on her by the Gods. But honest *Sawny*, you must not take your Notion of *Phadra* from that on our Stage by a late Author, where she is Abandon'd enough indeed, to become almost a Parallel to *Jane Shore*; but you must look into *Euripides*, and then see if there be any thing like it; you will find the Modesty of the Character nicely preserv'd, which *Seneca* and Mr. *Smith* have both abominably debas'd.

True. *Jane Shore*, on the contrary is an habitual Whore and Adulteress, and even in her suppos'd Reformatioun, keeps up her Intimacy with *Hastings's* Whore Mrs. *Alce*.

Free. *Helen*, is indeed the Heroine of one of the Tragedies of *Euripides*; but this is not the Adulterous *Helen* that was seemingly at *Troy*; but the Virtuous and Chast *Helen*, who had been all the *Trojan* War in *Pharos*, Mourning the Absence of her dear Lord and Husband *Menalaus*, and maintaining her Virtue, against the Power of King *Theoclymenes*.

Dap. But, Gentlemen, may not Circumstances make a Vicious Character the Object of Pity? As from the Strength of the Temptation, the natural weakness of the Offender,

Offender, or the Power and Influence of some other Person in the Commission of the Crime.

Free. No bright Quality can balance a Vice that is Scandalous, as Incontinence in a Woman, and Cowardice in a Man.

True. But *Jane Shore*, had she been Innocent of this Crime, had been no Tragic Character, for her Station of Life was too low ; a Shop-keepers Wife of the City never can rise above the Soc ; and her having lain with the King and two or three Lords, will never be thought ennobling enough to fit her for the Buskin, since that very Crime renders her entirely incapable of it.

Dap. But then she is Penitent for this Crime, has a due sense of her Guilt, and shows a suitable Compunction for her Offence, which makes her the Object of Mercy, that is, Pity.

True. Penitence may move our Joy, but can never touch our Compassion ; and the price of lost Reputation can never be paid, unless that cou'd be restor'd, which never was, nor ever can be.

Dap. But then she wou'd not yield to *Gloster's* Wicked Design of putting aside the Young King.

Free. It is not sufficient to move our Compassion, that one that has been Guilty of a Scandalous Vice, will not be Guilty of a more Enormous Wickedness.

Dap.

Dap. 'Tis true she is an Adulteress, but then her fellow offender was a Monarch.

True. As for her fellow offender being a Monarch, that takes not away the Scandal of the Fault, but adds the guilt of Ambition to that of Lust; and here I must observe, that Mr. *Bays* makes *Jane Shore's* Virtue produce her Misery, and not her Vice. Whereas the ancient Tragic Poets made the Hero's Vices produce their Misfortunes. It was the Obstinacy, Rashness and Curiosity of *Oedipus* that made that discovery which render'd him entirely miserable; but *Jane* is so, because she will not add another Wickedness to her former.

Dap. Well, I do not know what fault you may find with the Character, it is plain the Ladies like poor *Jane* never the worse for being a Whore, which I think is Defence enough of Mr. *Bays*, against all the Malice of his Critics.

Free. But honest *Sawny*, the Ladies have been us'd of late to such Food, that they have not that Niceness it were to be wish'd.

True. I can't find by the Play that *Jane* is really a Convert, till the Minute that *Gloster* orders her to be turn'd out to Starve. She is intimate with none but her old Companion in Wickedness, who is still Whore to *Hastings*, who our Casuists wou'd think a very odd Companion for a Penitent; for it
is

*My Form alas ! has long forgot to please :
The Scene of Beauty and Delight is past.*

So that poor Jane still thinks it Delight to
be Wicked ———

*No Roses bloom upon my fading Checks,
Nor laughing Graces wanton in my Eyes;
But haggard Grief, lean-looking fallow Care,
And piercing Discontent, a rueful Train
Dwell on my Brow, all hideous and forlorn.*

Is this the Language of a Penitent ? As
such she shou'd rather have describ'd the
Beauty of the Mind, the satisfaction of a
Converted state, and the Charms of a
heavenly Spouse : Whereas all that she says,
seems to place her Pain in that her Plea-
sures are past Recall.

True. Jane's last Speech in the first Act is
another proof that she repents not her
Adultery ; for she complains of the hard
Fate of Womankind, that they can't Whore
with the same safety to their Reputations,
as Mankind can.

Mark by what partial Justice we are Judg'd :

partial Justice, by the way, is an extraordi-
nary Epithet, he might as well have said,
Mark

Mark by what unjust Justice we are Judg'd;
but this is a Pecadillo.

*Such is the Fate unhappy Women find ;
And such the Curse entail'd on Womankind.*

Here poor *Jane* thinks it *unhappy*, nay, a
Curse, that Women have not the Liberty of
roving ———

*That Man the lawless Libertine may rove,
Free and unquestion'd through the wilds of Love,
While Woman, Sense, and Natures easie Fool,*

the last Line I take to be absolutely unin-
telligible.

*If poor weak Woman swerve from Virtue's Rule,
If strongly Charm'd she leave the Thorny Way,*

The poor penitent *Jane*, still thinks the
Paths of Virtue a thorny Way.

*And in the softer Paths of Pleasure stray,
Ruin ensues, Reproach and endless Shame,
And one false step entirely damns her Fame.
In vain with Tears the Loss she may deplore,
In vain look back to what she was before,
She sets like Stars that fall, to rise no more.* }

Dap. That's wonderfully fine, *She sets like Stars that fall to rise no more.*

True. Very fine Nonsense! that is, *She sets, like that which does not set at all.*

Dap. Mr. *Bays* had made it *she sets like falling Stars that rise no more*; but he did me the Favour to take my Correction in that Line.

True. I never heard of Stars, that fell, except in the *Revelations*. But is it not strange that Mr. *Bays* shou'd think a Whores Fame irretrievable, and yet imagine she cou'd be a fit Heroine for a Tragedy.

Dap. Can there be any thing finer than *Dumont's* description of the lovely solitude he had found out for her.

Free. 'Tis very pretty; nay, so pretty, that I wonder *Jane* did not immediately take Post to it, and leave the Court with *Dumont*; for being so well provided for, she had no Motive at all to Petition *Gloster*. Besides, she had Reason to believe that *Hastings* wou'd soon show his Resentment against *Dumont*; so that every thing in Nature bid her fly, and nothing cou'd persuade her to stay but her being loath to leave her old Haunts; so that all the Mischief came upon her, because she wou'd not be happy when she might: But indeed poor *Jane* is a very whimsical, foolish, maudlin Character from the Beginning of the Play to the End.

E

True

True. Mr. *Bays* has finn'd against the *Likeness* in this Character, and given her a Virtue, which History does not warrant. She is a Whore to three upon Record; and how many more Gallants she might have had in private and of lower Degree we can't tell.

Dap. But as she is represented by the Poet in his Play, she had but one, and that a Monarch. — She resists *Hastings* a Man of great Quality and Power.

Free. She resists one unprepar'd and unexpected attempt, at least till *Dumont* sends him away with a Flea in his Ear: But what wou'd have happen'd if her Husband in disguise had not been near, we can't tell. *Hastings* is a very ungenerous Lover, to press for the last Favour at first dash; for speaking one good Word for her to *Gloster*. And indeed it is no great Argument of her Virtue that she deny'd him; for a Woman must be a very abandon'd Whore indeed that wou'd let a Man get up and ride at the first offer.

True. It is really a very merry Tragedy, there are but six Men and two Women in it; the two Women are Whores, and three of the Men Villains, one a Cnckold, and another a Debocher of young Ladies, only *Belmour* is nothing at all.

Free.

Free. Mrs. *Alice* is a false dissembling Baggage, to wheedle poor *Jenny* out of her Trinkets and not to give her a bit of Bread for them.

True. So that she's a Cheat as well as a Whore, and so much the more unfit for a Tragic Character.

Free. The Scene between *Hastings* and *Alice*, is a lame Copy of that between *Dorimant* and *Loveit* in *Sir Fopling*, and only fit for Comedy.

True. And the Scene between *Hastings* and *Jenny* at Midnight, seems taken from that in the *Chances*, where *Don John* is for taking a Touch with *Constantia* in the Street, he's so hot and eager he can't stay till he gets to a House; these give filthy Ideas, and are only fit to be acted in a Brothel, and not before Ladies of Honour and Virtue.

Free. *Alice* begins the Third Act with a Sililoquy of Eighteen Lines, to tell the Audience what she is going to do with the Paper and its Contents, but this is a Trifle.

True. The change of the Paper is indeed a notable Contrivance, and worthy Mr. *Bays's* great Genius.

Free. I thought, by what *Jenny* said when she came in, in this Act, that she had been going to beg for *Dumont*, but she is begging a piece of Bread.

*A poor, undone, forsaken helpless Woman
Intreats a little Bread for Charity,
To feed her Wants, and save her Life from
(perishing.*

True. To feed her Wants ; that is, to keep them still Alive, whereas I suppose she wou'd be understood to remove her Wants.

Dap. Why, look'e Gentlemen, I made the Objection to Mr. Bays, that I thought he shou'd have made *Jane* Petition for *Dumont* ; but he told me, that wou'd have spoil'd the Plot, by letting *Gloster* know, that *Hastings* and she were not on so good Terms as he imagin'd.

True. I find that Mr. Bays the Younger, has two Qualities like Mr. Bays the Elder, his Admiration of some odd Books, as *Reynard the Fox*, and the Old Ballads of *Jane Shore*, and the making Simile's in the midst of a Passion, and after a Surprise.

*Let no nice Sir despise our hapless Dame,
Because recording Ballads chant her Name ;
Those venerable Antient Song Inditers,
Soar'd many a pitch above our Modern Writers.*

I hope Mr. Bays speaks for himself, and then he does those Ancient Song Inditers
but

but Justice, for poor *Jenny* has lost by the Change of Hands very sensibly.

Thus for his Simile's : *Dumont* is surpriz'd that *Jenny* will go to her Retirement, and being heartily rejoyc'd at it, he makes a long *Simile* of Ten Lines, as much to the purpose as if he had said nothing.

Dap. 'Gad you are the strangest Critic I ever met with, I warrant you don't admire the *Stile*.

Free. I speak for my part that I do not, 'tis a sort of *Motley*, *Linsey Woolsey* *Stile*, *Gloster* has, by his *Holydame*, and *St. Paul*, and many of *Shakespear's* Words, but the rest speak generally in the *Stile* of the Moderns.

Dap. Why, I believe the Poet design'd that, for he has directed the Dress of *Gloster* and *Fane* to be of those Days; but those of all the other Players to be Modern.

True. I think it so far from a Recommendation, that it is written in the *Stile* of *Shakespear*, that it ought to damn it; *Ennius* and *Lucretius* were very much admir'd by the *Romans*, but it never came into the Head of *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Ovid*, *Tibullus*, or or the rest, to write in imitation of the *Stile* of either of these Poets; the best *Stile*, is that which arrives to the Perfection of the Language then in Being, such as is that of *Cato*, which is the best Standard of Dramatic Diction which we have in our Tongue.

Enter Sir Indolent and Mr. Bays.

Sir Ind. Ent'ring, to Mr. Bays.] No, no, two very Honest, Worthy, Ingenious Gentlemen as live you may depend on't, and much your humble Servants.

Bays. That Coxcomb *Dapper* told me they were *Critics*, and that they damn'd all my Plays.

Sir Ind. *Dapper* is an honest Fellow but he is mistaken indeed *Mr. Bays.* *Jo. Freeman*, let me bring you acquainted with *Mr. Bays*, the Laurel hangs over his Brow, and there it will fix e'er it be long.

Free. Sir your most Humble Servant.

Bays. Sir, I am yours.

True. *Mr. Bays*, I am glad to see the Man whom Fame has talk'd so loud of.

Bays. Sir, my Service to you. Confusion to Critics. [Drinks.]

*I met her as returning
In solemn Pennance from the Public Cross ;
Before her certain Rascal Officers,
Slaves in Authority, the Knaves of Justice
Proclaim'd the Tyrant Gloster's Cruel Orders.
On ether side her march'd an ill-look'd Priest,
A Bob for the Clergy and Court too, 'egad.
Who with severe and horrid haggard Eyes,
Did ever and anon by turn upbraid her,
And thunder in her trembling Ear Damnation.
Around her numberless the Rabble flow'd,
Shouldring*

Should'ring each other, crowding for a View,
 Gaping and Gazing, Taunting and Reviling ;
 Some Pitying, but those alas ! how few !
 The most, such Iron Hearts we are, and such
 The base Barbarity of Humane Kind,
 Hooting and Railing, and with Villainous Hands
 Gathering the Filth from out the Common Ways,
 To hurl upon her Head.

I vow this moves me so that I can't go on —
 Gentlemen, have you never observ'd our
 Barbarous Mob, how they use a poor Carted
 Bawd, or a Man in the Pillory, and the like?

Free. Oh ! very inhumanely, Sir.

Bays. You must know, Sir, that there is
 about this Town, a poor unfortunate Creature
 call'd *Granny*, this poor Creature has
 been expos'd to the Blows and Buffets of
 outrageous Fortune these many Years.

True. Very good Mr. *Bays* — What the
 Devil does he drive at *Jo* ? [*Aside to Free.*

Free. May I succeed him in his Title if
 I can imagine. [*Aside to True.*

Bays. I have seen the Mob after her, heard
 her make a deplorable Moan, but the Mob
 threw Dirt at her ; I thought it so pityful
 a sight, that I took the Hint of this Scene
 of *Jane Shore* from it ; for thought I, if
Granny with those plump Chops would
 touch me, how much more must *Jane Shore*
 who had not eat a bit of Bread in three
 Days.

True.

True. But Mr. *Bays*, I never found any thing but Laughter mov'd by all *Granny's* Sufferings.

Bays. True, Sir, among the very *Canaille*; but I have often observ'd the *finer Spirits* of the Mob touch'd with Concern; nay, I have seen some Venerable Matrons check the Million (touse one of *Shakespear's* Words) for their Rudeness, Incivility, and all that; now, thought I, if *Granny*, who has had three or four Bastards, can engage the Concern of these Venerable Matrons, how much more must *Jane Shore*, for we do not find it on Record, that she ever had so much as one Bastard.

Free. I protest Mr. *Bays*, I fancy that *Granny*, manag'd by so able a Pen as yours, wou'd make a celebrated Tragic Character; besides, tho' she has had some Bastards, yet her Innocence is not chargeable with the Folly, she not having any Notion that playing the Whore is any Crime, much less a Scandalous one.

Bays. Why truly, I have had thoughts of making *Granny* a Tragic Heroine;

Quidlibet audendi semper fuit aqua Potestas.

because we never had an Ideot profess'd for a Heroine; so that it wou'd be entirely New, and therefore cannot fail of succeeding,

ing, for as no Body before me establish'd Whores for Heroines, so I dare believe, that no Body besides my self ever thought of an Ideot for one. Besides, I have made some Steps and Advances, or rather Descents towards this Character; my *Fair Penitent* was a Woman of Quality by Birth; Next I descended to *Jane Shore* a mere Cit, and only distinguish'd from the Mob by her Adultery with *Edward*. Next I intend to make *Betty Sands* my Heroine, and so by degrees to come down to *Granny*, who shou'd be my *non plus ultra* in that Way.

True. Well but, Mr. *Bays*, what has made you alter your Mind? or do you resolve it still?

Bays. No—The very Reason you recommend her for, is the Reason of my rejecting her, her *Innocence*; Whoring in her can scarce be call'd a Crime: But that is no Heroine for me, who does not play the whore knowingly, wittingly, and of choice. The Critics may talk of Art and Rules, and I know not what, but I am for Nature; I hate Art and Rule——

True. But, Mr. *Bays*, what do you mean by Nature?

Bays. Why, I call that Nature, when a Poet writes what he naturally thinks.

True. That is, Mr. *Bays*, whatever comes into your Head.

Bays.

True. Did you ever read the *Rehearsal* Mr. *Bays*? Methinks all Dramatic Poets shou'd be Master of that Farce.

Bays. I have made my Advantage of it I assure you, Sir, for I have consider'd what is there ridicul'd pleas'd at that time, and by Consequence will please again.

True. So instead of being taught by *Smith* and *Johnson*, you are instructed by *Bays*.

Bays. Right, Sir, and I have Copied my most taking things from this *Brentford* Tragedy: I write to please the Town, Sir, and if I do that, 'tis more than any of the Critics can do. You find that the Town at the same Time they went to the *Rehearsal*, went to see those very Plays that were ridicul'd in it, and applauded their Rants and Rhime, and all that.

Free. But, Mr. *Bays*, 'tis as certain, that upon this Dramatic Criticism the Poets alter'd their Method, and left off their Rants and their Rhimes, and endeavour'd to come more into Nature.

Bays. Every one to his Taste, you may talk of *Art* as long as you will, but I am sure I have a better Art of getting Applause than can be learn'd from all the Rules of *Aristotle*, *Horace*, or any other of the Demagogues of *Parnassus*.

True. Is it a Secret, Mr. *Bays*? If it may be communicated, you may do a young Man

Man a Kindness who may perhaps venture to Write.

Bays. To shew you, Sir, that I am Communicative, I will tell you how I do secure Success ; On one side, I pick out some of the smoothest and most sonorous Lines in my Play, some of the best *Simile's* and Descriptions, and these I repeat about to all I meet, thus applying to their Judgment, I impose a liking on them, and these shining Parts give a great Idea of the Whole ; so that coming with this Prepossession, they must be pleas'd, and they engage the Rest ; this is but one of my Rules of *Expectation*.

True. So you call these the Rules of *Expectation*.

Bays. True, Sir ; Again — you must know the Players have me in great Admiration, and I must needs say do me Justice ; so they not only dress my Play well, which is a considerable Advantage, but cry it up about two Months before it comes on ; and this has great influence on many of the Audience. But in *Jane Shore* I had some accidental Helps to *Expectation*, my Bookseller, and some others of that Trade, in hopes to get by my Name, publish five or six sorts of *Lives of Jane Shore*: This brought all who had bought the Lives, and secur'd all who use to come to Plays ; so if every one of those come but once, it must give my

F

Play

Play a considerable Run. And then 'tis not one Farthing matter whether it pleas'd or not ; I did my business by it, and that's enough I think.

Sir Ind. You have forgot one thing *Mr. Bays*, the Favour of Men of Quality ; for a Man may Write till Doomsday if they don't favour him, he'll scarce make much of the matter.

Bays. Ah ! *Sir Indolent*, I am the happiest Man alive in that, for I have not only the Favour of the Men of Quality, but of the Ladies too — 'egad I believe I can't disoblige them ; I told them formerly that they were all like my *Fair Penitent*, and *Jane Shore* tells them they are all now like her, and therefore ought to pity her Case ; yet you see how they flock to my Play.

Free. You are a happy Man *Mr. Bays* ; Here's to your Health *Sir*.

Bays. By no means *Sir*, pray to the Ladies who advance *Jane Shore*.

Free. What *Dapper* asleep ! Come you must go with me, I am to meet some Players to Night about finishing a Play left imperfect by a Man of great Genius. Let me see — 'tis much about the Hour — Gentlemen, your most faithful humble Servant ; *Sir Indolent* yours. [Exit *Bays* and

[*Dapper*.

Sir

Sir Ind. Nay I must be going this Minute
Jo, and *Dick* your faithful Servant.

[*Exit Sir Indolent.*

Free. Faith *Bays* is something in the right
 on't, Fame is dispens'd by the Ignorant ;
 And to what purpose then shou'd a Man
 of Judgment spend his time to expose him-
 self to the World, when if he meets with
 Success, he is but on the Level with such
 a Writer as this, whose Plays have no one
 quality of the *Drama*, but are a strange Med-
 ley of Grotesque Figures that cannot be
 brought to any Form or Regularity.

True. The Truth on't is, to write Plays
 now, when the Fate depends on the Play-
 ers and the Common Audience, can only
 be excus'd by Necessity. If ever the *Eng-
 lish* Court can produce a *Richelieu*, this no-
 ble Province of Poetry may thrive and be
 reform'd.

Free. We are more likely to find his
 Cunning than his Wisdom in our Statef-
 men ; who have never yet thought the Po-
 liter Letters worthy their Favour.

True. If any such bright Genius shou'd
 arise, we shou'd have no more *Dappers* nor
Bays's to expose the Folly of the Nation to
 Forraigners who have a juster Taste. Here
 Drawer call a Coach.

Draw. There is one at the Door Sir.

True.

True. Come I'll fet you down, I go by
your Door. What my Lord *Rochester* said
of Report or common Fame, will hold of
the Poetic Fame :

*There's not a thing on Earth that you can Name,
So fickle and so false as vulgar Fame.*

Come you're next the Door, no Ceremony.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Draw. You're welcome Gentlemen.

F I N I S.

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September 19th

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